The Centre Reporter.

VOL. LXIII. CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY. JANUARY 9, 1809. NO. 1

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, -- EDITOR

This issue opens Vol. 63 of the CENTRE REPORTER. Before us lie copies of the first issues 62 years ago. During 43 years, past, it has been published in the name of Kurtz, and in the last 28 years by the present editor.

Of the patrons of the paper, when it first appeared, we know of none who are living now. We have, however, honored names on our list that were there 28 years ago. About eight years ago death took off the only survivor of those who subscribed in the start, 62 years ago.

The record of the REPORTER in the past 43 years, is one that we can look back upon with pride. There is no dark spot—always boldly advocating what was right and to the best interests of the masses; consistent in its entire conduct. This gained for it a confidence among the people that gave it deserved influence which was frequently felt; its course in advocating the right, secured it many steadfast friends, and called up some bitter enemies. Yet it survived all storms, whether of slander, boycott, or other methods of persecution, unscathed—happy in outliving all opposition of those whose enmity it had because the paper could not be used as a tool.

We shall strive to retain this confidence of the people by continuing in the same course.

Notice to Gen. Hastings: Keep powder dry—REPORTER will tell when to pull trigger.

We imagine the sleigh makers feel as though they would like to "go for" the weather maker.

The sixth census district of Pennsylvania is composed of Bradford, Cameron, Centre, Clearfield, Clinton, Elk, Lycoming, McKean, Potter, Sullivan, and Tioga counties.

It looks now as if Boss Quay would have hard work to make his party swallow Delameter for Governor, and thus do the bidding of the Standard Oil Company.

Thomes J. Cole and Jacob G. Schopp, of Philadelphia, William S. Hopkins, of Bellefonte, and John W. Rudy, of Lancaster, are all to be hanged February 20, according to warrants issued by Governor Beaver.

Quay's bossism is likely to split the Republican party. That's right. The people have outlived the age of bosses. No party will be bossed any more—whether it be in county, state or nation. Let there be no more boss rule, Republican or Democratic.

The *Clinton Democrat* has closed its 50th year. A ripe age, but the paper under J. W. Furey, Esq., is full of life and vigor. It is one of the most ably conducted papers in the interior of the state, and Joe is keeping up his old record and reputation as a sound and able writer. A happy New Year to editor Furey and his paper.

The Williamsport *Gazette & Bulletin* of 7 inst., says: Hon. H. C. McCormick made the closing argument before the Judgeship Commission Saturday. He commenced speaking in the forenoon, and concluded later in the afternoon, his address. The Court adjourned to meet again on the 17th instant. This delay was made necessary owing to the fact that Judges Mayer and Bucher have to hold Court in their own districts,

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Scribner's Magazine for January begins the fourth year and seventh volume with the promise that during the current year it will follow its well-approved course of printing articles of interest in themselves, by writers who really have something to say; and of aiming that great variety shall be secured rather than that any single undertaking shall monopolize its space.

Dr. Charles Moore, whose meteorological record dates from 1850, gives the total rainfall in 1889 as 71,22 inches, being 26½ inches greater than the average rainfall for sixty-five years. The rainfall in each month of 1889 was as follows; January, 4.12 inches; February, 1.92; March, 3.73; April, 6.15; May. 7.37; June, 6.20; July, 12.50; August, 5.05; September, 8.44; October, 5.56; November, 9.15; December, 2.05.

The Wool Tariff.

At a hearing at Washington on Jan. 2, before the ways and means committee the most interesting testimony was that of Frank P. Bennett, editor of the *American Wool Reporter*, published at Boston. To Mr. Bennett had been assigned the task of circulating a petition for free wool signed by 400 woolen manufacturers in the United States. These signers are located in various parts of the country, chiefly New England. Among these, said Mr. Bennett, was James Kitchenman of Philadelphia, a large woolen manufacturer and leading Republican, who was described as "one of the men who helped raise the celebrated Philadelphia campaign fund in the last presidential campaign." The astonishing feature of this unexpected list of names in favor of free wool lies not only in the character, but in the number of the signers. It has been hitherto asserted on very high authority that the only manufacturers in favor of free wool are a few officers of large corporations, the number of whom does not exceed 10. But this list of signatures shows that the rank and file of smaller manufacturers are as willing to express their opinions in regard to wool duties, as are the great leaders of the trade.

Among other things Mr. Bennett said: "One of the most prosperous periods the woolen manufacturing industry has ever engaged in in the United States was from 1862 to 1867, and this prosperity was not due alone to the war, but to the fact that the duty on raw wool was low and the duty on manufactured goods was high enough to afford our mills abundant protection and to bestow upon our wool growers the blessings of an abundant home market. During that period American sheep husbandry expended enormously and in 1867 the number of sheep in Ohio reached a total of 7,555,507 head. Then came the increased tax upon wool in 1867, which continued unchanged until 1883, and with the exception of a single year, 1868, the number of sheep in Ohio grew steadily smaller and beautifully less after that date.

"In 1875 the number of the sheep in Ohio had fallen to 4,100,288 head under the highest duties upon wool ever known And now when a little coterie of Ohio politicians stands in the light of wool growers and woolen manufacturers alike, and to such proofs of the destructive influence of the high tax upon wool as we have just presented replies merely with threats, we are certainly very sorry that they cannot be persuaded to take more reasonable ground.

The Russian Influenza.

St. Petersburg Correspondent of the London Times:

The epidemic called by the doctors influenza, apparently for want of a better name, continues to rage as strongly as ever, and even appears to be spreading over the country. Although it is said that a similar phenomenon occurred some thirty or forty years ago, nothing so general, so widespread and remarkable as the present case has ever been experienced here before. From members of the imperial family and foreign embassadors, through all classes, down to workmen and beggars, no one escapes, from which it is naturally inferred to be infectious. It is not fatal, and lasts in most cases only a few days. Several grand dukes are affected or just recovering, and the British ambassador and the members of his staff are nearly all ill. The writer has also just recovered from an attack. Wherever one goes, in every family somebody is sick. Forty-five men were taken ill in one day in the telegraph department; as many as 170 workmen in one factory, while some mills and workshops have had to curtail work, take on hundreds of extra hands, or suspend operations altogether. In consequence of all this, St. Petersburg is in a singular state of melancholy and depression. Everybody is longing for frost and winter—the salvation of the unhealthy capital on the Neva, but they do not come, except for a few hours at a time, and have rarely been so late in setting in as this autumn. From Moscow we hear that the disease is also making its appearance there, and a traveller, just arrived from Tomsk, in Siberia, brings the same sorrowful tale. In St. Petersburg it is said that 40,000 cases are medically authenticated, which of course, does not include all who have suffered or are still suffering.

The forth-coming county auditor's report is eagerly looked for by many taxpayers to see how many days Commissioners Henderson and Decker have put in; also to ascertain which of these two gentlemen put in the greater number of days. Two citizens have a bet on this matter: one bets that Henderson scores the longer row of days, another that Decker has the larger row of notches on his shingle. The report will show that they both run close, and will be apt to tie each other in the number of days idled away in the Commissioners office.

Independents Aroused.

A Pittsburg special says: The republicans of the oil region, led by the intrepid ex-Senator J. W. Lee, of Venango propose playing a rather bold hand in the impending gubernatorial canvass. Besides Senator Delamater of Crawford who is a Standerd man, there are two aspirants for the governership. These are Secretary of the commonwealth Stone, of Warren, who is presumed to be the Beaver administration candidate, and Thomas W. Phillips, of Lawrence, who is championed by Mr. Lee. On Friday last Mr. Stone and the Phillips people were in Pittsburg and had a conference, at which ex-Senator Emery, of McKean, was also present. Subsequenly Mr. Lee went around to the Duquesne hotel and saw C. L. Magee. Magee is for Montooth, of Allegheny for governor, but has repeatedly expressed his admiration for General Hastings in terms, the import of which is not difficult to understand Mr. Lee and Mr. Magee, when they conferred, therefore, represented four of the field of gubernatorial entries now arrayed against Delamater, and possibly one more in the person of Congressman Osborne, of Luzerne, who is accredited with being a Hastings man.

It is understood that Delamater's opponents have reached the conclusion that with Quay at his back, he is likely to distance them unless they from an alliance, offensive and defensive. With the aid of Congressmen John Dalzall, of Pittsburg; Edward Scull, of Somerset; A. C. Harmer, of Philadelphia, and W. C. Culbertson, of Erie, all of whom have lost whatever affection for Mr. Quay they ever entertained, they count upon being able to capture a pretty strong array of state delegates. It is the purpose then, when the proper time comes, to turn them all to whichever one of Mr. Delamater's rivals may command the most powerful following.

The latest advices from Brazil are to the effect that distrust is growing daily. A correspondent at Rio de Janeiro sends the following:

The immediate future here is assured, but what will happen in the course of a year cannot be safely predicted. There is danger ahead which may prove to be very serious, and which a prudent reflecting man, who knows the people, can clearly foresee. Possibly it may be avoided, but the probabilities are most decidedly the other way. The men who precipitated the revolution lack confidence in the Brazilian people and probably have over-weening confidence in themselves. They do not believe in the present capacity of the Brazilian people for self-government. They are not willing to trust them with the grave responsibility of constructing the governmental machinery, nor are they satisfied that its complicated movements can be left to their direction.

So far as the masses are concerned, these so-called republican leaders are right. The body of the Brazilian people are not only ignorant, but they are without the sober, stable qualities of the Anglo-Saxons, and entirely lack that self reliance and habit of calmly deliberating together and of taking counsel with one another which is inborn in the English speaking race and constitutes one of its grandest qualities. The Brazilians are not a pure-bred race, and while not without intellectual quickness, they do not have what may be termed the moral equipoise of intellect. They are impulsive, easily moved, quick to respond to appeals, but without tenacity of purpose. These characteristics distinguish as well the favored few who heretofore possessed under the empire the privileges of suffrage. Brazilian politics might be aptly described as pyrotechnical.

The St. Lawrence river, says a writer, has some queer freaks: "The St. Lawrence River," said a Clayton member of the Cogburn Club last evening," is a most erratic as well as beautiful body of water. You have probably noticed several lines in the newspapers of vessels sailing on it running aground because of low water. Just think of it—low water with the almost continuous rain we have had the last spring, summer and fall! But such is the fact. And in some other generally dry seasons the St. Lawrence has been unusually high. It is said that the grand old river has one of those low spells—sinking fits, so to speak—every seven years, but I can't vouch for the truth of that. The fact remains, however, that it is unlike any other body of water I know of, and when other streams and neighboring lakes are high the St. Lawrence is apt to make a contrary showing,"

The attention of workingmen generally is called to the fact that the sheriff of Jefferson county started in to serve the practical processes of protection to American labor for which so many of them voted at the last general election. These processes were notices of evictions served on the families of 45 of the Punxsutawney miners. About 500 evictions are to be made to provide quarters for car loads of waiting Huns and Italians. So does the grand old party save you from competition with foreign cheap labor. Vote for more tariff.

A Prehistoric Exhibit.

America can have at least one feature for her World's fair that none of the nations hitherto have obtained. It has been proposed that, from the rich field of ruins that lie scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Lake Superior to Central America, we reconstruct prehistoric America.

The hillocks of the mound builders in the central part of the country, the habitations of the cliff dwellers in Arizona and New Mexico, and the gigantic and splendid temples that lie beneath the fallen trunks of great trees which have grown over their remains in Yucatan and Central America—all these constitute relics so remarkable that they would fix the attention of the world. An inventor presents what he thinks is an original design for an attraction in '92. It is a huge tower, 1,600 feet high, broad at the base, built of solid masonry, tapering to the top, with walks and drives winding around the outside in a spiral, up the whole height. But if this inventor will take the trouble to examine photographs in the Smithsonian institution, he will find that the great unknown peoples of America constructed just such towers ages and ages ago, though they were not 1,600 feet high.

A melancholy, profound fascination attaches to the whole subject. A reconstruction of the temples and dwellings of that gray old time would arouse scientific interest everywhere, and stimulate efforts towards the unraveling of the mysterious secret of these vanished races. For unraveled this secret will be.

Here is at least one of the unique features for which we have been sighing for our exposition. The work will be one of difficulty and expense, and will take time. But the United States government has the money and the persons who can do the work. It should be a government work.

The ruins show that there must have been at least three different races among our prehistoric peoples, each with a civilization of its own, with two of them certainly far advanced. Problems of engineering were compassed in Yucatan and New Mexico that would be no mean achievement in our generation.

Death of Empress Augusta.

Berlin, Jan. 7.—The Dowager Empress Augusta, who has been suffering from an attack of influenza, had a relapse in the morning, and at 4:30 p. m. breathed her last. For hours before the end came her respiration was difficult, and it was realized that her condition was critical.

At 2 in the afternoon the emperor and empress and their two sons, the Crown Prince William and Prince Frederick, and the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden, son-in-law and daughter of the dowager empress, gathered at her bedside. They remained until her eyes had closed in death.

She had suffered from the influenza for three days and bore the malady so well that on Monday night her recovery was looked upon as certain. But in the course of the night pneumonia was developed and presented a crisis too great for her remaining strengh. She was the widow of the late Emperor William. The Empress Augusta was born the 30th of September, 1811, and was the daughter of Charles Frederic, grand duke of Saxe Weimar. She was only 16 years of age when she first met Prince William, of Prussia, afterwards emperor, who visited her father's court in connection with the betrothal of his younger brother.

Four years later on June 11, 1829, she was married to him in Berlin, and proved a devoted wife up to the day of his death which occurred nearly 60 years later.

The Massachusetts farmers composing the State Grange have declared against the proposal to have the government spend hundreds of millions of dollars in irrigating the arid wastes of the Southwest. The eastern farmer seems to be waking up to the fact government money should not be donated to equip his competitors. Better late than never. There is no scarcity of land anywhere in this country. Reclaiming the arid regions will do for the next century. "Why go to fabulous expense to reclaim southwestern deserts," asks the Boston *Globe*, "when there is plenty of good land right here in New England?"

The western farmers have already nearly knocked the bottom out of the prices for all that the eastern farmer raises, and to favor irrigation at government expense is like paying for cutting prices down lower yet, or favoring a tariff tax to enrich the capitalist at the expense of the farmer.

Is there war brewing? The African Lakes company has petitioned Lord Salisbury to take instant measures to protect the interests of British subjects in Nyassa land. This will most probably precipitate warlike measures against Portugal, as the period of delay accorded to that country to give a satisfactory explanation regarding the outrages to the British flag expires on the 12th of this month, when a full apology will be demanded. In the case of a refusal on the part of Portugal, decisive action will be taken at once.

Coburn.

The Sunday school entertainment on Christmas eve passed off very pleasantly and the children were very much pleased with their presents. The speeches by the little boys and girls were very interesting and well spoken, and the 12 little girls who sang, "Gathering in the Sheaves," can't have too much praise for it. The infant class sang a piece very beautifully. The entertainment was very well gotten up for the short time they had to do it in.

Its rumored that Luther Guisewite is about to purchase the grain depot of M, J. Decker. Can't vouch for correctness of the report, but if he does buy he will find that the grain business is not lumbering.

S. M. Ulrich has been releived from ganger and storekeeper at Forbest's still house. Under the new law they must have 5,000 gallons in bond instead of 2,000. Mr. Summers came after the keys Wednesday.

J. W. Gingerich, of Wetham, was here several days last week making arrangements to sell his property.

James A. Kooney's pension has been raised from $24 to $30 per month. Good for James.

On New Year about 11 o'clock a crowd of the boys were together at the hotel, and one made a proposition that he would give 50 cents to one of the party if he would steal Billy Kreamer's turkey. Another said he also would give 50 cents to another one if he would help. It happened that one of the party had borrowed Billy's overcoat, so he took the overcoat and went around to Kreamer's kitchen door and took the coat into a room where some children were playing, and closed the door between the room and kitchen. He then proceeded to the stove and relieved it of turkey and roaster, and handed it out to his confederate, who went out through the stable down the alley to another stable. Here a third party took it and carried it down to the ——, where they ate it and had a big time, But on Thursday evening the fun turned on Billy's side. He had them arrested and brought before Esq. Garthoff. After a great deal of talk and consideration they agreed to settle it by paying ten dollars and costs. The parties can congratulate themselves that Billy let them off so easy. This should be a lesson to all concerned not to steal any more New Year's turkies. They thought they would have a joke on Billy, but Billy and family didn't feel like taking it as a joke. That's carrying a joke too far.

The R. R. Co. have piked the road around the depot and covered it with cinder, which will make a big improvement and a big help to the public and a benefit to the Co.

Rev. Deitzler is holding a protracted meeting at this place, and is well attended every evening.

Farmers Mills.

Mrs. Alice Hagan, who was seriously ill for weeks, is on a fair way of convalescence, but is still confined to the house.

The new Russian disease, la grippe, or "Harrison grip," has not, as yet, struck this village or vicinity.

Geo. W. Long, who was painting at Altoona, all summer and fall, returned to the parental roof last Saturday, to remain till March, and then return to Altoona again to follow painting next summer.

Cyrus Luse made a business trip to Tyrone and Altoona recently, with a view of locating at the former place next spring.

Sadie and Maggie Goodhart spent New Year at Oak Hall, intertwining digits with their former school mates and friends.

Wm. H. Homan and family, of Aaronsburg, were entertained by Esq. Rishel recently, while here on business, e.c.

Rev. Eisenberg preached an able initiatory sermon here on last Sunday, p. m. The Rev. gentleman apparently intends to preach moral truths without fear or favor.

The comers and goers were quite numerous here during the holidays. Can't mention all.

Owing to the fact that the REPORTER handles all subjects in a fair and frank manner, it has gained in popularity here to the extent that some intend to discontinue other county papers, and take the REPORTER in its stead in the near future.

By present indications there will be a great deal of flitting indulged in here next spring.

Many consider it a public imposition that our R. R. Co. don't put up some kind of a station or shelter at Penn Cave flag station, for nearly every train takes or drops passengers here, and frequently the weather is very inclement, and the trains way behind schedule time, consequently passengers are obliged to wait and stand exposed in the open air, no matter how the weather may be or act, there on the plains.

Our quarter of singing here is about done, and we are reliably informed that some outsiders who only come to expose their degree of civility, behave in a very ungentlemanly way, at singing and on the way home. Boys desist such acts or your lot may be in Fort Cook in the near future.

Tusseyville.

The Calithumpian band gave our young friend William Rockey and lady a serenade on Xmas evening, and were well received and treated by the new host and hostess of the Yellow House.

On the night proceeding new years, the Gideons band was out in full force and for all that it was worth they say that John Henry gave them a good supper, and started them on rejoicing, singing songs and giving the new year a warm welcome. At the red house near the cider press the man of the house stuck his head out the door and on the dead and silent night he heard the vibration of his voice, "Kumpt rye?"

Mrs. Houseman is still on the sick list, she has been confined to her room for over three months.

It is reported that Mrs. Katie and Miss Moyer are sick with a bad cold.

Some farmers are ploughing their corn ground, and commencing spring work, an unusual thing for this time of the year.

I wonder where our weather prophets are? can't the mayor of P. C. city tell us when we will have snow?

View from a mouse hole of the reception given in honor of the marriage of the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moyer, Miss Jennie M. to Wm. F. Rocky, at their residence on Friday, Jan. 3rd. Quite a number of their friends and neighbors were invited to share their hospitality. Everybody appeared to enjoy themselves well but the climax was not fully reached until the appearance of the three Profs. which created a general exhilaration, followed by the announcement that supper was ready, and all were soon seated comfortably around a table that almost groaned under its burden of good things prepared under the special supervision of Mrs. Moyer, assisted by her two remaining daughters.

Miss Beulah Strohm had a severe attack of hemorrhages a few days ago. She is improving.

Mrs. Bayard, formerly Miss Strohm, returned home after being away two months.

On Thursday evening a singing class was organized at Tusseyville which will be conducted by Prof. Crawford.

Mr. Isaac Tressler butchered a porker that weighed 484 pounds.

Mr. C. W. Swartz is not feeling well this week owing to his attending the convention at Ebersburg.

There was a shooting match at Meises store on new years day. Some fine shooting was done.

The new disease known to all as "la grippe," is making a clean sweep through this part of the valley.

Aaronsburg.

Robert Wolf who had been sick with pneumonia last November, and afterwards had an abcess in his side, died last week and was buried on Sunday morning.

E. G. Mingle bought the Russel homestead for $400. The lots were sold to L. Mench, C. M. Stover, J. G. Meyer and J. D. Thomas.

Rev. Adams, the Reformed minister, with his family and goods, has arrived, and will begin his work as minister here on the coming Sabbath.

Samuel Diehl has sold his home to Jacob Reed for $1800, and will go to Colorado.

John Wesley Adams will move to Scranton this week where he is engaged in house painting.

Dr. Musser is so badly crippled with rheumatism that he has been confined to his bed for some weeks.

——Corn has dropped 2½ cents. Wheat and other grain are about the same as before. Western corn is now offered in the east at 36½ and 37½.

——The weather is more like winter since Wednesday morning, when a strong wind set in and in the afternoon turned into storm with a sprinkling of snow. Wednesday night the storm was terrific and Thursday it is still windy with bright sky and mercury down to freezing.

——On Monday of last week, the mail train west, ran off the track a short distance beyond Cherry Run. As it occurred on a level, no one was hurt. The accident was a singular one, as there was nothing wrong with the rails nor was there a broken flange in the wheels—nothing that would account for the train leaving the track.

——An awful record was made on Monday by a Pennsylvania railroad train going west. At Tyrone it killed Yardmaster Adam Wolfgang and probably fatally injured Robert Worley, conductor, of Altoona. At Benn's creek the train ran over and killed two unknown men, supposed to be Hungarian laborers in the employ of the Pennsylvania company.

——Rebersburg is somewhat excited just now over a civil case that is to be tried at January term of court, an action for damages of William Walker against George Weaver, on account of surface water which, at a heavy rainfall, floods the lot of the plaintiff, as alleged. We understand there will be a large number of witnesses in the case.

——Mr. Thomas Motz, who left Woodward about ten years ago for Leadville, Colorado, returned last week on a visit and will remain until spring, and then return to the mountain mining city, 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. Mr. Motz treated us to an interesting description of things in that far off country. He is engaged in mining at Leadville, and thinks Colorado will equal our state for producing iron, as ore is abundant along with coal. Silver and lead mining is now the principal occupation there. He informs us that Philip and William, sons of Michael Weaver, dec'd., of Haines, are also located some 80 miles of Leadville, but are engaged in agriculture.

——Stoves! Stoves! Stoves, that is what Reesman across the way is stocked with. Stoves of every size and description, for the parlor, sitting room and kitchen; stoves for wood and coal, for rich and poor, plain and fancy; as fine an assortment as can be found in this county, and at prices far below other dealers. Andy puts them up for you and warrants them good. His is the oldest stove store in the county and none of his customers have yet had cause to complain and always found him honest Andy, and those are the business men one should always patronize. Go and see his stock, and you will be pleased with what you see he has.

——Robt. Shaw, of Huntingdon, met with a sad and fatal accident at Lewistown, on Thursday Dec. 26. Mr. Shaw, who was over 60 years of age and very deaf, came to Mifflin county with his wife on Tuesday evening to spend a few days with relatives at Logan. Yesterday afternoon he came to town on the Milroy accommodation, intending to take fast line for his home. There is a difference of one hour between the trains and instead of going directly to the junction, the old gentleman got off at the borough station. Shortly after 5 o'clock he started for the Junction and while walking on the track, was within five hundred yards of the station when the shifting engine came spinning down upon him. The whistle was blown and every effort made to warn him of his peril, but in vain. He was struck and instantly killed. The body was cut in twain and the legs severed.

The Harrisburg Patriot.

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The Singer's Alms.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE GREAT TENOR, MARIO.]

In Lyons, on the mart of that French town,
Years since, a woman leading a fair child,
Craved a small alms of one, who, walking down
The thoroughfare, caught the child's glance and smiled
To see behind its eyes, a noble soul;
He paused, but found he had no coin to dole.

His guardian angel warned him not to lose
This chance of pearl to do another good;
So, as he waited, sorry to refuse
The asked-for penny, there aside he stood.
And with his hat held, as by limb the nest,
He covered his kind face and sung his best.

The sky was blue above, and all the lane
Of commerce, where the singer stood, was filled,
And many paused, and, listening, paused again
To hear the voice that through and through them thrilled.
I think the guardian angel helped along
That cry for pity, woven in a song.

* * * * * * * * *

The hat of its stamped brood was emptied soon
Into the woman's lap, who drenched with tears
Her kiss upon the hand of help; 'twas noon,
And noon in her glad heart drove forth her fears.
The singer, pleased, passed on and softly thought,
"Men will not know of whom this deed was wrought."

But when at night he came upon the stage,
Cheer after cheer went up from the wide throng,
And flowers rained on him; naught could assuage
The tumult of the welcome save the song
That he had sweetly sung, with covered face,
For the two beggars in the market-place.

—*Henry Abbey.*

'JUDITH AGED NINETEEN."

It is an old-fashioned name, and one seldom heard, but somehow it suits her. She stands in the door of a small frame house, a very bright picture, a slender girl of seventeen, a brunette with a very vivid color, and dark eyes full of fire and energy. The house is a poor one, boarded up and down, frontier style, very common here in this valley in Colorado. No trees have had time to grow about it, for the Indians were here four years ago, though there are none within a hundred miles now. The river that rushes on its way through the valley, as mountain streams do, is shining in the autumn sun; the foot hills and nearer mountains are yet green with summer verdure.

But it is of something else beside the landscape before her that Judith is thinking; she is watching the road that winds along the base of the foothills. A gay party of friends have promised to call for her, and they are altogether in a wagon to a dance at a neighbor's house. The scene of festivities is several miles away, and she is impatient to start. And presently the rumble of a wagon is heard, and she sees her friends coming.

Her cousin May and husband, handsome Tom Lawrence, are of the party. The latter springs from the wagon to assist Judith into the rough vehicle. May frowns slightly as she sees how admiringly her husband looks at the graceful girl's bright eyes and glowing cheeks. But Judith has been given a seat near her staunch admirer, Fred Stanly, and is soon laughing and talking gayly with him.

May presently sees Judith dancing the first set with Fred; she is not in the same set, but her husband is, and she sees him laughing and jesting with Judith when they meet in the dance.

May has been a little uneasy for some time at her husband's evident admiration for her cousin. To-night she is miserably aware that Judith is looking her best in a dress of old-gold cloro, with scarlet flowers in hair and bosom. She had deemed herself "passing fair" when she looked in her old-fashioned mirror before leaving home. Her face looked round, and she had a pretty color, and her brown eyes smiled, whether lips did or not. But they have no smile in their sullen depths now, for Tom is dancing his second set with Judith.

Fred Stanly, in a seat alone, distinctly a wall flower, glowers darkly at them. May is aware that even to an impartial judge Tom is much handsomer than Fred and has an ease of manner which Fred can never hope to attain. Still, she thinks, that is no excuse for Judith; he is her husband, and Judith is carrying on an open flirtation with him.

Fred manages to take Judith out to supper, and is triumphant. Tom escorts an elderly widow with extreme gravity, but contrives to secure a place near Judith, and talks to her in half audible tones under the cover of general conversation. Judith dances another set with him after supper, and he is always near her during the rest of the evening. His very open admiration is noticed by every one present.

He has not approached his wife for some time, but when the party with which they came talk of leaving, he goes to her and says, with an attempt at ease:

"Are you ready to go, May?"

"I am not going home to-night," she answers in a firm, hard voice.

He is startled, and asks:

"Why, where shall you stay?"

"I am going home with my sister to father's."

"I will come for you in the morning."

"Very well," she says quietly, and leaves him.

At that moment he sees Fred Stanly standing near Judith. Fred's manner is gloomy and sullen, but Tom knows at once that he intends to monopolize Judith during the ride home. A man with any principle or respect for either his wife or her cousin would have stood off from them, but Tom's sense of honor is not his strong point. So when the girl and her sulky knight approach the wagon, he is standing ready to offer his hand to assist her in, and manages to secure the coveted seat by her side.

The mountain air blows freshly in their faces, the moon is shining brightly, and the gay party laugh and talk and sing on their homeward way.

It is the day after the party; the morning sunshine is dazzling; there is enough of the fresh mountain air to be delightful. The late harvest fields shine yellow in the sun. The cottonwood trees that line the river's bank have put on autum's glorious tints. It is Colorado's loveliest season; the spring is too long coming here, too cold. Nature is too long starting into life.

Judith is feeling something of the beauty of the scene as she stands looking listlessly out of the window. Her mother, a good-natured but commonplace woman, is busily sewing in the same room. For some time the whirr of the machine is all that breaks the silence.

Mrs. Lewis is seldom idle, she was left a widow when Judith was a child of seven, and married again a man much younger than herself. She is what is called "managing" and in some respects the head of the firm. She stops sewing presently and says:

"Judith, you don't seem to have much to say about the party last night."

"Oh, I had a good time," Judith answers carelessly.

"Annie says you were with Tom all the evening, and May is at her father's house, and is not going back to Tom any more."

"May only went there with her sister to stay all night."

Judith speaks quickly and her face flushes.

"Annie Wynne stopped at the gate a few minutes ago. She told me that Tom had been to your Uncle Owen's this morning, and Mary refuses to go home with him. And she says the quarrel was about you. Judith, you ought to know that this will make you the talk of the whole valley. It may be only a little foolish quarrel, but don't you let Tom pay you any more attention. He had better attend to his own wife."

"May has no reason to be angry because I danced a few sets with him." Judith answers defiantly.

"Your cousin did not get so very angry without some cause; and, Judith, you are just throwing away your chance with Fred Stanly."

"You know I don't care at all for Fred Stanley, mother."

"He has a good ranch, the best house in the valley, and cattle on the range, and he is a good, honorable man, and that is more than Tom Lawrence is. And no married man will pay you attention while I have any say in the matter."

In her heart Judith knows her mother is perfectly right. Her conscience reproaches her for causing May pain; they have played together as children, and been friends as girls, though May is older than Judith, and since her marriage they have seen less of each other.

Her mother's one idea is to do what worldly wisdom prompts. Judith is altogether too young, too thoughtless and fond of pleasure to have any worldly wisdom. If she had been taught to do right because it is right, she might have been better and wiser. The good influences thrown around her had been few. There were services in the little school-house sometimes, and she attended; but it was to meet with the other young people, and wear something new or becoming.

But if Judith is unhappy to-day, Fred Stanly is more so, though he gives no sign. He has some bronco horses lately brought off the range, and some of the young men from neighboring ranches are helping him break them. Two or three of the broncos are mounted at once; the heavy cowboy saddles and the riders almost madden them. They start and run like wild creatures, and when they stop, plunge and "buck" in fine style.

Fred is riding one of the brutes, and the excitement is a relief from some heavy thoughts that have clung to him all day. When they have tired themselves and their horses sufficiently for the time, the men throw themselves on the grass to rest.

"Tom rather got the best of you last night, didn't he, Fred?" one of the young men asks with true western freedom.

"That's what he did," Fred answers with great apparent cheerfulness.

"Oh, Miss Judith is only like all the girls; she wants to flirt a little," Will Ellis joins in easily, good-naturedly coming to Fred's assistance.

But Fred's answer is so earnest that, careless as they are, the men feel the subject is not one for jesting.

"She can choose between us, boys," he says in a firm tone. "No woman is anything to me who receives marked attention from a married man, and that man her cousin's husband."

The lovely autumn days are past; the snow is in the valley. There are sleighing parties and dances in the long winter evenings. Tom Lawrence and Judith meet often, dance together, and her lingers by her side as much as possible. At first it is only willfulness and vanity in Judith that makes her receive his attention. She has heard Fred Stanly's frankly expressed determination about her, and she takes pleasure in showing a preference for Tom's society whenever Fred is there to see.

Her mother, as a last effort to prevent Judith from receiving any further attentions from Tom, refuses to allow the girl to attend places of amusement. She perseveres in this decision, though she sees that Judith is losing her brilliant color and growing dull and listless. But love, or what passes as such, "laughs at bolts and bars." One day Judith has been sent to a neighbor's. The day is bright and mild. She lingers over the walk homeward. She has heard that Tom Lawrence has sought and secured a divorce from his wife. She is feeling some self-reproach for the part she has acted, and lost in thought when she hears a gay voice at her side saying:

"She walks in beauty like the night,
Of cloudless climes and starry skies.
And all the best of dark and bright—"

and Tom Lawrence finishes the quotation by a low bow.

Judith thinks of what she has just heard; she is too much startled to say anything.

"Yes," she says piteously, "it is late—too late!"

"Then be a sensible girl Judith; it is not too late for us to be happy; so make me so by saying you are going to marry me."

"Oh, no, no!" Judith sobs, and means it.

But she lingers and listens. And the day comes all too soon when Judith is missing from her home, and her mother finds a little note blotted with tears; and knows that while she reads it her daughter is married to Tom Lawrence.

Two years have passed since Judith left her home to marry her handsome, unprincipled love. Only a little space out of the lifetime of happiness he had promised her; yet those two years have changed Judith as a lifetime often fails to change people. Her home is a rongh, long house built 'on the range,' among the foothills where her husband has a band of horses. There are two log rooms, with a board roof covered with dirt. It is a house more endurable in Colorado than in any other place, because it so seldom rains on this poor roof. Nothing grows about the place but the native grass and some beautiful pine trees.

The late spring sunshine brightens the scene, though Mount Sneffles and other high peaks glitter with their wonted covering of snow. The deer have gone up among the mountains, as they always do in the spring. Within the house are only the barest necessities in the furniture line.

On a bed in one of these rooms lies Judith, with the flush of fever on her cheeks, and an unnatural brightness in her eyes. In the next room, within call, the nurse sits by a low couch, where a little child, whose life could only be counted by days, lies with all the beauty that death bestows upon children in its face.

Judith hears some one enter, and a moment later her mother is by her bedside. She puts her weak arms around her neck and sobs, "mother, mother!" then nestles in Mrs. Lewis' arms like a tired child; and the poor mother forgets all, except that this is her little Judith, only the dearer for all her willfulness and sorrow.

Presently she glances round the room and asks in a low tone:

"Have they taken my baby away? They said it was dead. They did not think I heard, but I did."

The mother smoothes her hair and tries to soothe her as she would a child.

"Hush, Judith! you must not excite yourself so."

"Oh, let me talk to you, mother! I am here so many weary hours alone."

"But Tom is with you most of the time," Mrs. Lewis says soothingly.

"No, mother, he is always gone. Tom has been tired of me this long while. I might have known he would weary of me as he wearied of May. He was not worthy of either of us. I shall never see May again, for I am dying now. Ask her to forgive me when I am dead, for the sake of the dear old days, when we played together, and loved each other so. I have been a wicked cruel girl to her, but ask her, mother, to forgive me, as I hope God has done."

"My poor, pretty Judith!" Mrs. Lewis sobs.

"No, not pretty any longer, mother, but your own little Judith, who only asks to die in her mother's arms. Tell him I forgive him, but don't put his name at my head; put only Judith. Don't weep so, mother, I am so tired, so glad to go."

She nestles closer to her mother; a spasm of pain crosses her face, then a sweet smile gives back its old loveliness, and Judith's short life has ended.

They bury her in the valley near her mother's home. And on the marble cross at her head they course, as she had wished, only the words, "Judith, aged nineteen."

Elevation is spoken of as a means of relief for "poor laboring men," but how far he must descend before reaching the point to commence his ascent, for he already looks down upon the highest elevation idleness has attained.

THE CONDUCTOR MAD.

He Savagely Assails an Indian Rubber Rat.

John Donnelly, of Adams street, took a mean advantage of a West Side street car conductor the other day. He boarded a car for the West Side just after it had been emptied of its load of holiday buyers and turned around the loop on its up trip, and, after finishing his cigar on the front platform, he started through to the rear. It was an old, rickety car, which had been hauled out of the barn to do duty as a tripper during the holiday rush, and it was filled with musty old hay. An idea struck John just as the odor struck his nostrils. Reaching down into his overcoat pocket he pulled out a natural looking rubber rat and dropped it in the straw. Then he went outside and complained of the condition of the car to the conductor. "Such an old rattle-trap ought to be split up into kindling wood," he growled. "It's full of rats."

The conductor eyed him sharply, as if wondering if he was bound for the Washingtonian Home. "There are no rats in this car," he said. "Well," said John, "if you don't think so go inside and see." Now the conductor was sure he had a patient, and he thought best to humor him, so he went inside. There, sure enough, was a rat. "Keep still a minute," the conductor whispered to John, who had followed him in. He cautiously reached under the seat and got a broom. Then he raised it aloft and brought it down on the rubber rat. The whistle in the toy gave a squeak and the conductor proceeded to baste the life out of the bogus rodent.

When he had tired himself out John picked up the rat and put it back in his pocket. Was the conductor mad? Well! "You think yer smart, don't you?" he muttered, savagely. "Only a joke, old man," said John, reaching out his hand to shake. As the conductor made a motion to take it John uncoiled the rubber snake which he held and it shot out toward the bell-punch man. He nearly fell off the car, and he kept as far away from Donnelly as possible during the rest of the trip.

The Lost Silver Bars.

Fred. Barclay, the New York truckman, from whose truck the two silver bars belonging to Zimmerman & Forshay, bullion brokers in Wall street, were lost in the mud at Broadway and Fulton streets on Friday December 20th, when the fog was so dense, the next day he went to the office of the brokers and handed in his check for the value of the lost metal. The bars were worth $1000 each, and were part of a shipment of $600,000 silver going abroad. They were jolted off, it is believed, by the wagon striking a rut, and the police think that some one found them and will appear with the information as soon as the ownership of the bars becomes widely known. Barclay has a stand at Broad street "trucking" for many years. They say he is a well-known figure down town in New York, and has probably amassed a competence out of his years of work.

The new water-propelled ship Evolution, planned by Dr. Walter M. Jackson, of this city, and launched recently, may possibly surprise engineers by the high rate of speed she will eventually attain. The vessel is propelled, without paddle-wheel or screw, simply by discharging water under very high pressure in submerged jets against the water of flotation. The vessel is fitted with a compound steel pumping engine, which will deliver through a nozzle about thre-fourths of an inch in diameter one thousand gallons of water per minute, under an enormous pressure exceeding a ton to the square inch. The theory upon which Dr. Jackson has constructed his vessel is a sound principle of hydrostatics, and there can be no question that he will meet with some measure of success. How far he will be able to displace the screw propeller can of course be determined only by experimentation with the new launch, after she is fitted with her machinery. More than a century ago James Rumsey, of Virginia, made a successful trip on the Potomac with a vessel propelled by a stream of water driven from the stern, and David Ramsey in England patented a similar invention in 1738. While the experiment has since been repeated, no substantial advantage has yet been discovered in the method of water propulsion. Nevertheless it by no means follows that Dr. Jackson's labors on the Evolution will be in vain. If successful, he will revolutionize the methods of ocean navigation. In any event, the world owes him a debt of gratitude for putting to a further and perhaps a conclusive test the plan of water propulsion which has been before naval architects for a century and a half. We wish Dr Jackson a brilliant triumph with his new propeller.—*New York Herald.*

Amber is so expensive because it is not very plentiful and the trouble of collecting it is very great. The only place where it is found to any great extent is in the Baltic Sea. There the vein runs from Russia to Denmark, Norway and Sweden. In the olden times it used to be picked up on the shores of the Baltic, where it was washed after a heavy storm. A number of persons used to make their livelihood by collecting the amber, and probably they do now. The demand for it during the past few years has grown so much that engineering appliances are used to collect it. Dredging boats are sent out in fine weather. These boats have long strings of iron pails that are constantly dragging up the bottom.

KRUGER, OF SOUTH AFRICA.

A Modern Cromwell in His Way—The Man Visited.

"We have seen the great Paul Kruger," writes Mr. Charles A. V. Butler from Pretoria, in a letter which the *Pall Mall Gazette* prints, "or Oom Paul (Uncle Paul) as he is here called, President, or autocrat rather, of the South African Republic, the modern Cromwell. We were taken to his house by a friend of mine called Kisch, who has lived many years in Pretoria, and is State Engineer of the Republic. Kruger lives in a long thached-roof house outside the town. A sentry was walking up and down in front, a newly-adopted sign of his dignity. We were shown into a large room, at one end of which he was sitting in patriarchal style, wearing enormous boots, and smoking a large old-fashioend pipe.

"We were fomally introduced, and a man called Marais interpreted for us. We said where we came from, that we wished to pay our respects to the head of the State, and hoped he was in good health, to all of which he nodded a solemn approval and puffed away at his pipe. Then coffee was handed round. * * * Mr. Kisch complained to him of the famine prices we are paying in Johannesburg for food, owing to the drought, and asked if he could not take the duty off foreign articles of consumption. He replied at great length, and with slow deliberation, that he could not alter the law, but that rain had fallen at Wakkerstrom, Ermelo, Standerten, Potchefstroom, Klerksdorp, Haevertsburg, &c., and that if we had patience it would fall at Johannesburg and Pretoria, and that he was soon going round on a tour to see about the rain. Mr. Kisch said we could not live on grain only, but required meat. He replied that next May he hoped to take off the duty on cattle from Bechuanaland. Baron M., who was with me, said he came from Trieste, and Kruger wished to know where that was, and what was his native language, &c.

"He is extremely plain, but very shrewd and somewhat dignified, talks slowly and well. He has a large head, and small, twinkling eyes like an elephant. They say he is a wonderful man to argue cleverly. When asked if he knew any English, he said he understood when he was being spoken ill of. Altogether, he is a kind of combination of Cromwell and one of the Israelitish Judges of old. It seems quite an anachronism at this day to find one single man of that stamp wielding so much power. The Volksraad do exactly what he tells them to do. He was one of the original malcontent emigrants from Cape Colony, as a boy, under old Pretorius, those who first went to the (now) Free State, thence to Natal, and thence to the Transvaal, driven out each time by the *Verdomde Engelschman.*

"He is now practically the 'State' and does most of the business of it himself, rising at 7 A. M. He never takes wine or spirits, but expects one to smoke a pipe and drink coffee with him. He spent his early life tending flocks and herds, killing lions and fighting Kaffirs, and his latter years in war and diplomacy. He came alone to Europe to seek back the independence of the Transvaal, and once more as one of a deputation of three. In the eyes of the Kaffir tribe he has a charmed life, and latterly he used to fight with only a big whip in his hand, at the sight of which they fled."

Raising Shad and Trout in Maryland

Fifty millions of shad were hatched and distributed in Maryland waters in the last year. So say the State Fish Commissioners in their forthcoming annual report to the Governor. In speaking of the distribution of trout the Commisioners say: "The wellknown adaptabitity of the waters of our mountain streams in Western Maryland induced an experiment with the celebrated California rainbow trout. In 1885 about 6000 eggs were obtained from the United States Fish Commissioner, which were hatched and distributed in the Tongbegary river and Lake Cleveland, in Garrett county. The success of this experiment has been beyond the most sanguine hopes of the Commissioners, as demonstrated by the catch of these fish in the last two years. In 1888, three years after their first introduction, trout were taken measuring sixteen inches in length, and in the last season of 1889 they have been caught measuring twenty-two inches and weighing three and one-half pounds. There are five fish-hatching stations in the State."

A Grateful Boy.

It is related of an old-time Bath school-boy that after the master had given him a good flogging the youngster said to the teacher in a melancholy and serious tone of voice; "I thank you, sir." "Thank me! What are you you thanking me for, you young rascal?" replied old Master Whetstode. "I thought you did it for my good, sir," replied Joshua.

A Dutch physician declares that a close connection exists between the exercise of mental faculties and disorders of the nose. He says if it were generally known how many cases of chronic headache, of inability to learn or to perform mental work, where due to chronic disease of the nose, many of them would be easily cured.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Always scorn appearances and you always may.

Every ultimate fact is only the first of a new series.

Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to the iron string.

Your goodness must have some edge to it—else it is none.

The more we study, we the more discover our ignorance.

Loquacity storms the ear, but modesty takes the heart.

Let a man know his worth and keep things under his feet.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.

There is no man so bad but has a secret respect for the good.

Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind.

Charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything.

What is becoming is honorable, and what is honorable is becoming.

That best becomes a man which he is by nature intended to perform.

Experience in business teaches a man that too many debtors don't pay.

Most great works are accomplished slowly.

The best instruction is to practice what you teach.

The wise man expects everything from himself; the fool looks to others.

Gravity is no more evidence of wisdom than a paper collar is of a shirt.

It is an eternal and irreparable loss when time is not enjoyed as it ought.

Every man stamps his value on himself; the price we challenge is given us.

Men always consider women unjust to them when they fail to defy their weaknesses.

When we are young, we change our opinions too often. When we are old, too seldom.

How we admire the man who happens to catch us when we are doing a good deed on the sly.

One cowslip growing by itself will attract more attention than a beautiful rose in a garden full of flowers.

Ajax defied the lightning, but he would have made a sorry figure at the end of a live electric wire.

More is accomplished by doing each day's work faithfully than by crowding two day's work into one.

Secure attention through the skillful presention of choice material suited to the child's mind.

Laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through.

The lessons of life make deeper impressions than the lessons of books, because they touch the heart before they reach the head.

Beware of prejudices; they are rats, and men's minds are like traps. Prejudices creep in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out.

No one was ever corrected by a sarcasm, but oftener driven further in the wrong way. In teaching always be kind and patient.

There is no surer mark of the absence of the highest moral and intellectual qualities than a cold reception of excellence.

There is no use of going out to meet trouble half way. It is always abundantly able to make the whole distance on its own feet.

The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation; and it makes no difference whether our dissipations are coarse or fine.

It is well the book of life is opened to us page by page. Were all the hard lines bared at once the task would be too hard to master.

Doing, not dreaming, is the secret of success. Thinking out plans will not amount to anything unless the thought be followed by a determined will to execute.

Hope nothing from "luck" and the probabilities are that you will be so forewarned and forearmed that all shall low observers will call you lucky.

What is opportunity to the man who can't use it? An unfecundated egg, which the waves of time wash away into nonenity.

The teacher in the rural school may not do the same work that is done in the graded school, but she can do work equally as good.

There is a widespread idea that the country school is inferior; if it is, it is not a matter of necessity. It ought not to be so any longer.

The pupil should be taught to interpret the trees, the waters, the flowers of summer, and the crystal forms of winter into a living though unwritten language.

He who is ashamed of asking proper information on a point on which he is uninstructed takes the surest method to make himself a lifelong prisoner in the Castle of Ignorance.

The unthankful stand reckoned among the most enormous sinners, which evinces the virtue opposite to thankfulness to bear the same place in the rank of duties.

But calamity is, unhappily, the usual season of reflection, and the pride of men will not often suffer reason to have any scope until it can be no longer of service.

We need to cultivate our judgment to gain an insight into the root of things, comparing the present standard with universal laws, treating with respectful consideration that which has been honored by time, and giving heart and hand to the new forces at work in our civilization.

The world is a sad one for him who shrinks from its sober duties. My experience shall warn him to adopt some grand and serious aim, such as manhood will cling to, that he may not feel himself, too late, a cumberer of this o'erladen earth, but a man among men.

THE INFLUENZA.

THE LATEST REPORTS FROM AFFECTED LOCALITIES.

MUCH DISCOMFORT, BUT LITTLE FATALITY.

READING, Pa., Dec. 30.—Old inhabitants say that the meteorological conditions within the past few days have been unprecedented within their recollection. Within the past week it has been a common sight to railway travellers through the Schuylkill, Lebanon and Cumberland valleys to see farmers busy plowing in the fields, which they usually do in spring, with the thermometer at 65°. Daisies, pansies and violets in full bloom have been found in the flower gardens, while dandelion flowers were plentiful in the fields, and many families gathered dandelion the same as in June. Lilacs have been found in bloom, while some of the trees have commenced to bud. To-day the thermometer was at 62 degrees, at its highest, and in four hours later had dropped to 40 degrees, with every indication that these evidences of spring will soon disappear. Physicians here believe that the coming cold will be death to the grip. Many new cases have developed to-day, some physicians getting as high as a dozen additional cases. It is believed that there are now 400 to 500 cases in this city.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Dec. 30.—The physicians of Bethlehem announced the appearance of "la grippe" to-day, and druggists say their business was larger to-day than on any one day during the small-pox epidemic of 1882. The drugs mostly prescribed are quinine and antipyrine. The physicians report having attended since Saturday on an average of 37 cases, which would make the total number of people suffering from the influenza about 300. In the general offices of the Lehigh Valley Railroad here, a dozen clerks are off duty.

CARLISLE, Pa., Dec. 30.—The Russian influenza, or "grip," has made its appearance in the Cumberland Valley. Fully 500 cases are reported. In this city the physicians say there 125 cases, but few of serious nature, one doctor having as high as 25 cases. The patients have all the symptoms as described by the medical fraternity. No deaths have occurred as yet.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Dec. 30.—Mrs. David Tucker, of Mahanoy City, who has been suffering from a severe attack of influenza for the past week, has become hopelessly blind. All medical aid has been tried, but her sight has not yet been restored. There are 50 cases of "la grippe" in Pottsville.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 30.—A special from Johnstown, Pa,, says; The physicians to-night report 20 cases of la grippe in this place. The majority of cases were developed to-day.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30.—According to the official records nearly 300 policemen are laid up with the grippe. This number includes Inspector Steers. A number of sergeants and detectives are also laid up, while several captains are mentioned on the sick list. The fear is that the epidemic has seized upon the force. The death of Patrolman Timothy J. Golden to-day is said to have been the first fatal case of la grippe on the police force here. He was taken ill on Saturday.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 30.—The epidemic of influenza prevails here in a mild form. It is estimated that one-fourth of the population is afflicted, and there are indications that the disease has not reached its height.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Dec. 30.—The epidemic, "la grippe," has struck this locality, and scores of cases are reported. It is indiscriminate in its attack, and merchants, mechanics, physicians and laborers are wrestling with it. To-day 12 crews on the Western Division of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad were laid off with the disease.

TROY, N. Y., Dec. 30.—Influenza is very prevalent here. Many cases are reported in all parts of the city. All ages and both sexes suffer. Dr. R. D. Bloss, a prominent physician, says there is scarcely a family in Troy exempt from the disease.

MONTREAL, Que,, Dec. 30.—Inquiries made by officials of the Board of Health on Saturday failed to discover a single case of influenza in Montreal. To-day nearly every medical practitioner in the city reports having some cases under treatment.

Leading doctors agree that the disease is the form of influenza which has been epidemic in Russia and the rest of Europe. The disease as it has appeared here is extremely painful, the symptoms being severe headaches and pains about the loins and back, accompanied by chills and high fever. The disease appears to have paid a sudden visit to the city Saturday night, and the doctors and druggists have been busy ever since.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

NEW YORK, Jan. 1.—New Year's Day was ushered in with the usual noisy outbreak by the juvenile population, with the chiming of church bells and the dim of hundreds of steamboat whistles. Early in the morning a drizzling rain fell, but did not seem to keep people at home, as very many were upon the streets up-town. The theatres and other places of amusement were well patronized, and the day was fully enjoyed. The old Knickerbocker custom of New Year's calls was, however, honored more in the breach than the observance.

Mayor Chapin, of Brooklyn, held a public reception at the City Hall today. Some of Henry Ward Beecher's friends paid their respects to his widow at her home.

The day demonstrated that even in Brooklyn the old custom of calling was fast falling into disuse.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 1.—Governor Hill held a public reception in the Executive Chamber this morning between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock. A large number of ladies and gentlemen availed themselves of the opportunity to present the compliments of the season to the Governor.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 1.—New Year's Day was observed here by a general suspension of business. The First Brigade, National Guards, probably the largest colored military organization in the United States paraded through the principal streets and, after being dismissed, assembled at Hamsted Hall, where an address was delivered by Rev. J. S. Lee, (colored.)

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 1.—Business was generally suspended yesterday and the streets in many places were filled with people, who viewed the masqueraders. Political and social clubs, as a rule, kept open house, and there were many New Year callers.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 1.—Instead of the brilliant sunshine of the last few days New Year dawned upon the National Capital cloudy and drizzly, and by 10 o'clock a steady rain set in, which was none the less dispiriting because it was a drizzle. The rain prevented those citizens who could not go in carriages from paying their respects to the Chief Executive. At 10,45 carriages began to arrive, and a throng of handsomely dressed men and still more handsomely dressed and attractive women entered the great doors. The decorations of the East Room were particularly effective. The mantels were banked with tulips, hyacinths and ferns; the windows hidden by palms, ferns, india rubber trees and the poinsetta, with its scarlet blossoms gleaming amid the greenery. The corridor leading from the East Room to the conservatory was turned into an avenue of palms. The mantels and windows of the Blue Room were filled with flowers and potted plants, and the air was fragrant with the odor of hyacinths and roses. The glass doors leading from the vestibule to the corridor were opened, and the music of the Marine Band penetrated every part of the house. At 11 o'clock the Marine Band, under the leadership of Professor Sousa, struck up "Hail to the Chief," and President Harrison, with Mrs. McKee on his arm, followed by the Vice President and Mrs. Morton, the Cabinet officers and their wives came down the broad staircase and took their places in the Blue Room.

Secretary Blaine made the introductions of the Diplomatic Corps, which was headed by Baron Fara, the Italian Minister, as Dean of the corps. The ministers of the different countries, all of them attended by the attaches, were dressed in their court uniforms, which are gorgeous with gold embroidery and lace. A striking figure among the diplomats in Count d'Arno Valleg, of Germany, who towers a full head and shoulders above his confreres. Sir Julian Pauncefort was another noticeable figure. The Chinese Minister and several secretaries followed next and their brilliant silken garments rustled as they made their bows. The Korean Minister and secretary, accompanied by their wives, were also there, and the Oriental ladies appeared to enjoy the novelty of the affair exceedingly. The Turkish Minister and suite wore the red fezes, with long black silken tassel. Colonel Ernst and Lieut. Parker presented the other guest as they filed through the room.

THE JUDICIARY, THE ARMY AND NAVY.

After the Diplomatic Corps came the Chief Justices of the Supreme Court, many of them accompanied by their wives and daughters. The handsome uniforms of the Army and Navy next attracted the attention of the company, for the brass buttons and different colors of the three branches of the service are effective.

Senators and Representatives, ex-Congressmen, Regents of the Smithsonian and other Government institutions, in their citizens' dress of sober black, followed in rapid succession, and, at 12.30, those private citizens who were brave enough to stand the drenching rain passed through.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—An express train on the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad struck and killed William and John Angel, German laborers, on a trestle near Shousetown, Pa., on the afternoon of the 31st ult. Four boys, aged from 6 to 8 years, were smothered to death at Jackson, Tennessee, on the 30th ult., by the caving-in of a sand bank under which they were playing. George Starr, President of the Coldwater National Bank, in Coldwater, Michigan, had a fall at the Battle Creek, Sanitariam, on the 30th ult., which caused his death.

—The electrical machines intended to be used in the execution of murderers in the penitentiary at Auburn, New York, were tested, on the 31st ult., by a commission of scientific gentlemen and found to work efficiently. An old horse and a four-weeks' old calf were the subjects, and both "were put to death with a suddenness that was highly gratifying to the commission." A current of about 1000 volts was used. Attempts to resuscitate the animals by artificial respiration were unsuccessful.

—An epidemic of typhoid fever, attended with many deaths, has raged in the northern portion of Berks county, Penna., for several weeks. On the 1st citizens from that section sent a complaint to Reading, saying that "many cattle have died from the prevailing contagious cattle disease, and that some of the dead carcasses were thrown into Malden creek and are now floating down stream." The complainants add that the water "is perfectly sickening." This is the stream along which Reading has erected a pumping station and arranged to get its supply of water for household purposes in a few weeks.

—On the afternoon of the 1st, a broken telephone wire fell upon the horses drawing a street car in Allegheny City, Penna. One of the animals was killed, the other fatally injured. The driver and passengers received slight shocks.

—Two passenger trains on the Central Railroad collided near Savannah, Georgia, on the morning of the 2d. Six passengers were slightly injured.

—In Mitchell county, North Carolina, on Christmas day, three men were killed in a drunken row. On the 27th ult., Monroe Garland, a brother of one of the murdered men, rode up to a crowd at the scene of the fight and fired into into it, killing three men and wounding twelve.

—At noon on the 1st, the ground under the Lehigh Valley Railroad locomotive shops, in Wilkesbarre, Pa., which are directly over a coal mine, caved in. The foundation walls of the building cracked and some of the machinery was badly damaged. There was considerable excitement among the 400 workmen in the shops, but no one was injured.

—The boiler of a saw mill at Elm, Illinois, exploded on the 1st, wrecking the building, and killing the engineer, foreman and sawyer. A wreck occurred on the St. Louis, Arkansas and Texas Railway, near Pine Bluff, Arkansas, on the evening of the 1st. A passenger train was thrown from the track. Engineer Apperson was killed and four men were badly hurt. The number of passengers hurt is not known. By an explosion of natural gas at Economy, Penna., on the morning of the 2d, George Hirschbaum, aged 40 years, was killed, and John Becker seriously injured. They were looking, with a lantern, for the cause of a short supply of gas.

—William L. Scott's Pennsylvania Colliery at Mount Carmel, Pa., suspended operations on the 2d, throwing 1000 miners out of employment. J. Langdon & Co., proprietors of the Pink Ash vein at the Neilson Shaft, Shamokin, Pa., offered to start work on the morning of the 2d at a reduction of 15 per cent. The miners, numbering 400, rejected the offer and went on strike. The threatened strike of the employes of the various electric light companies in Pittsburg did not take place on the 2d, and it is now doubted whether any general strike will take place.

—About 200 feet of the tracks of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad caved in at Plymouth, Penna., on the afternoon of the 2d. The cave-in has extended to the Methodist Episcopal Church, but the building has not yet been damaged. Men are at work shoring up the interior of the mine, and all the miners have quit work.

—Edward Sherman, a machinist, was awakened, in Cincinnati, at two o'clock on the morning of the 2d by some one working at the lock of the door to his room. Thinking it was a burglar, he fired through the panel and mortally wounded W. H. Phillips, aged 73 years, who occupied an adjoining room and had gone to Sherman's door by mistake.

THE WEATHER.

AN EXTENDED SNOW STORM IN THE NORTHWEST.

ST. PAUL, Dec. 30.—Advices here seem to indicate that the great snow storm of Saturday night raged over a very extended area. Rumors were rife in the newspaper offices that many wires west of here were down and travel much delayed. The centre of the disturbance appears to have been at Huron, S. D., where the wind veered to the north and the storm increased until it became a veritable blizzard, blowing 50 miles an hour. The memorable experiences of two years ago prevented people from unduly exposing themselves on the prairies and no bad results are anticipated.

The storm has been marked in places by singular phenomena. At Winona, Minn., rain descended in great sheets and the whole city was flooded. When the rain stopped the mercury fell 30 degrees in three hours. People can skate to business this morning. At other points electrical disturbances preceded the fall of snow. Duluth was visited with a severe blizzard, ushering in the heaviest snow fall of the season. Much damage has been done in the city and street-cars are blocked. Trains are delayed by drifts six feet deep in many places.

CHICAGO, Dec. 30.—Chicago is experiencing its first touch of winter so far this year. On Saturday the weather was very mild, the thermometer indicating about 60°. On Saturday night a very peculiar meteorological condition obtained. While the temperature continued mild the city was lashed by the whip ends of a cyclone on a flying business trip from the Rocky Mountains to the valley of the St. Lawrence. House-shaking gusts of winds, rain-laden, went rattling by, making everything quiver and drenching the belated pedestrian. Five minutes later it would be as calm as a day in June and the heavens would be brilliant with stars, and these varying conditions were repeated again and again.

Yesterday morning broke gray and dismal, with a heavy gale from the west, and before noon the mercury began to snuggle down toward the bulb. At 7 o'clock in the morning the temperature was at 60 degrees, 12 hours later it was at 28, and this morning it was at 18, showing a perpendicular plunge of over 40 degrees in 24 hours.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Dec. 30.—A violent wind storm prevailed in Kansas and Missouri yesterday, accompanied by a flurry of snow early in the day and a decided drop in temperature. The thermometer fell to near zero point, but about noon the weather cleared, and only the high wind continued. But little damage was caused by the wind.

At Macon, Mo., fences were levelled to the ground. Several outhouses at Abilence, Kansas, were blown down, and a barn at Wichita was demolished. Beyond these slight losses the wind did but little damage.

The greatest damage was done to the crops. The winter wheat had been forced by the recent mild weather to an advanced state of development, and, with nothing to protect it, the severe cold, it is feared, will kill the roots, thus causing considerable damage.

OTTAWA, Ont., Dec. 30.—A blizzard from the west struck Ottawa during the night, prostrating several buildings, destroying awnings, etc.

TALENTED TRAMPS.

Two Incidents Which Furnish Considerable Food for Thought.

A few days ago a party of some five or six school-boys, on their way home, stopped in front of the home of one of their number. The conversation went from one study to another until it reached the subject of algebra; here it stopped; one of the boys declared himself unable to perform a difficult problem in quadratics which had been assigned to him. His companions tried to help him, but after all hands had failed it was given up as a bad job.

An old and besotted-looking individual who was shoveling coal a few doors away, had been watching the boys for some time with a look of amusement on his grimy face. After each one had tried and failed, he slowly laid down his shovel, picked up a piece of coal, and, walking quietly up to the boys, requested permission to look at the problem. After a good deal of laughing it was shown to him, and without saying a word he quietly set to work, and in a few moments had correctly completed the example, writing it out on the pavement with the bit of coal. The boys looked on in wonderment, and could hardly believe their eyes, but were not slow to take advantage of the state of affairs, and in a few moments the work on the sidewalk had been transferred to paper.

The coal heaver in the meantime had resumed his work, which was soon completed, and the last seen of him he was disappearing in the side door of a saloon.

On another occasion a party of four men and one woman were seated in the parlor of a hotel not far from this city. Adjoining the parlor was a bar room, Leaning against the bar, leisurely drinking, were several countrymen. At one of the tables sat a tramp half asleep. His arm was curled up, forming a support for his shaggy head, which was covered with a tattered slouch hat of ancient manufacture. Suddenly through the half open door, there came the sound of music; the loungers stopped drinking for a moment, but almost immediately resumed their occupation. Nobody noticed the tramp. At the first sound he had raised his head from the table, and his eyes seemed glued to the door through which the music came. As it proceeded he arose and tottered toward it, but just as he entered the room the music stopped. All eyes turned on the tramp, who was making straight for the piano, which he reached a moment later. Lightly running his dirty fingers over the keys, suddenly he began to play Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." For nearly half an hour the tramp sat thus, playing nothing but the choicest classical music, with a touch and execution that was itself a marvel. The listeners sat astonished and in silence that was not broken until the tramp, rising from the piano, took his hat, and, going through the bar-room to the door, disappeared down the muddy road.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Man in No. 7.

One night when three or four of us boys boarded a sleeper on the L. and N. road going south from Cincinnatti, a passenger in lower 7 began to snore as soon as we were in bed. He had a terrible snore for a human being, and after several of us had called to him and failed to stop it one of our crowd slid out of bed, reached into No. 7, and with great deftness affixed a spring clothespin to the sleeper's nose. It was of course, expected that he would wake up in a few seconds, but, to our surprise, he did not, while at the same time he suddenly ceased to snore.

By and by all of us dropped off to sleep, and every one in the car was up before No. 7. In fact he slept so late that the porter parted the curtains to arouse him. After one look he jumped back with a yell, and when we hurried up, we found the man cold and dead. He was lying on his back, hands locked under his neck and the clothespin had arched his nose all out of shape. The body was taken to Cincinnatti, and most of us had to attend the inquest. It was there testified to by the doctors that the man had died of heart disease, but I tell you we didn't hanker to do any more joking for a full year.—*New York Sun.*

Why Boys Leave the Farm.

A great many people wonder why farms are deserted by the sons of the fathers who obtained competence and happiness from them. One reason is that many of the sons are not willing to be as economical, and to work as did their fathers. Instead of raising corn to fatten their cattle, they prefer to ride down to the village in a top carriage after a fancy team and order Western corn of the dealer, and get it charged, too. Instead of husbanding their resources and endeavoring to increase their stock of manures, they order commercial fertilizers, of double value, by the ton, and too often run in debt for them. But a pay day surely comes. Instead of raising lustry steers and good honest road or work horses which will sell for $125 when four years old, they delude themselves into the belief that their colt is threatened with speed, and waste twice his value in time and money in training him, and then, nine times out of ten, he proves a failure as a fast horse and is spoiled for anything else. And the worst of it is, his owner is generally spoiled also.

Farewell to the Old Year.

Old Year, thy life is well-nigh spent,
Thy feet are tottering and slow,
Thy hoary head with age is bent,
The time is here for thee to go!
Already in the frozen snow
A lonely grave is made for thee:
The winds are chanting dirges low,
Upon the land and on the sea.

Old Year, thou wert a friend to some—
To some thou wert of worth untold,
Thy days were blessings, every one,
More precious far than shining gold:
But unto others, thou a foe
Didst prove thyself—an enemy,
Relentless as the chains of woe—
As ruthless as a maddened sea.

Some will rejoice to know thee dead,
Others will mourn thee as a friend;
Some will look back on thee with dread,
Others their praises to thee lend:
I neither offer praise nor blame,
Old Year, for what you brought to me,
For unto me both joy and pain,
Your active hands gave lavishly.

Thy solemn death-hour draws a-nigh—
And hark! I hear thy funeral knell
Slow pealing through the darkened sky—
Farewell, Old Year—farewell, farewell!

A FOOLISH JOKE.

A NEW YEARS INCIDENT.

MRS. A. M. PAYNE.

The last touches had been given to the luxuriously furnished parlors and the lunch laid upon the table in the library, was tempting in the extreme. Rosy apples and golden oranges were almost hidden in trailing smilax, and the more solid dishes, chicken salad, sliced ham, and rolled sandwiches, looked tempting, arranged apparantly for a number of expected callers.

The two young ladies of the family, also were in readiness. Miss Alice in a gown of creamy white trimmed in swan's down moved backward and forward through the long parlors looking at her sweeping train as reflected in the mirrors. Laura the older sister who was sitting at a dainty trifle of furniture which was an apology for a desk, but in reality not much more than a small cabinet, was looking over a long list of expected callers.

For it was New Year's Day, an old fashioned New Year's Day in New York, when ladies remained in doors and gentlemen called to offer the greetings of the season. Laura and Alice Gifton had always received callers on this day. They had a number of friends, and were among the most hospitable people of those who belonged to their circle. The two girls were charming in themselves, and there was always a dainty lunch to be found on their tables, so year by year the number of callers increased. Laura who, being the elder of the two, acted as hostess, and who felt as if all the reputation of the family was in her hands, was thinking of some of her father's old friends who were sure to come, and also sure to critically taste the chicken salad, and of others who would notice the new china with the monogram in gilt, and the plates which she had painted herself. The blinds were drawn, and the gas lighted, and the rooms, decked as they were, with hothouse plants, were beautiful and inviting in the extreme.

An open fire burned in the grate, and Alice stood before it, idly looking down upon the coals, when the tiny clock upon the mantle struck ten.

"Laura," she said, with a surprised glance at the clock. "I did not think it was ten. Mr. Girton, always called about this time, if not earlier, and Frank Adams told me he intended to call here very early."

"There is plenty of time Alice," was the reply, "the coffee is not quite ready," and Laura continued to survey the list of callers whom she expected.

Half an hour passed, and the carriages were heard rolling swiftly through the street, and many of them stopped in the neighborhood, but there was no ring at the bell.

The maid who sat in the hall waiting, came timidly and looked in at the drawing room door. Alice still stood by the grate, and Laura had chosen a book from the table, and was reading. She shook her head, and went back to her post noiselessly.

Eleven o'clock by the chiming bells of the time piece, and still silence reigned. Laura looked at the lunch table, examined the coffee urn, and returned to her chair. Alice sat down with a slight sigh, and a disengaged look toward the clock.

Twelve! "Laura! what can it mean," exclaimed Alice starting up from her chair, "not one caller yet."

"I am at a loss to understand it Alice, and such a beautiful day. You look so lovely too. I wish they would come."

"Dear, your lunch will be spoiled and Dr. Brown likes his coffee fresh. It is very tiresome sitting here in state, I might as well have kept my morning dress on. Is that a ring? Listen?"

No, it was a step outside, but there was no further sound. Alice wandered through the room again, examined the flowers, selected one or two nuts from a dish, and even took up a magazine.

Laura found that the coffee was growing cold, and busied herself with the urn. Silence reigned in the room for almost another hour, and then two tears stole softly down the cheek of Alice. Laura saw them but took no notice. Her own disappointment was keen, but with true sisterly affection, she thought more of her young sister, whose care-taker she had always been since their mother died, and whose happiness it was her one desire to increase.

One—two—three o'clock. The sweet girlish face, so fresh and charming, was buried in the depths of the sofa pillow, and Alice was sobbing in good earnest. "How dreadful after all our hopes," she cried, between her sobs. "What have we done to be so neglected, to be so openly insulted by all our friends."

"Never mind Alice. Something must have happened," said Laura, whose own voice was far from steady. "Take some lunch with me, and let us forget it."

"I never could taste a thing. They are all stale, and look hateful to me" she said wearily.

"Harry will be in after dark any way," sobbed the disappointed girl," "he said he would come in on the five o'clock train. "What will he think when he hears the kind of day we have spent."

Harry was a young cousin, very fond of the girls, and a frank eager young man, one of those who never forgets his boyhood or his playmates. He had been called away from the city by business, and was expected to return at night.

Alice and Laura gave up all hope of callers, drew their chairs up to the fire, and listened in silence for his step. By and by, after the night had fallen, and the steps in the street were few and far between, they heard his cheery whistle, and in another moment he ran up the steps. He stopped there a long time or so it seemed to the girls—and then threw open the door, and came with a hasty step through the hall, and into the drawing room.

Both girls came forward, and as they cried "Oh Harry!" their overstrung nerves were powerless to help them, and they both burst into tears.

"Hey day, what is all this," cried Harry, "here you are alone in all your splendor," and this I find at the door.

He held in his hand a fancy wicker basket, and from it showered down upon the floor a great snow storm of cards. "What did you tie a basket on the door for? he asked. Has the pug died since morning?"

"A basket! We never did," cried both girls at once.

"Then it is a mean joke somebody has played upon you girls" replied Harry, "Look over your cards. It is the only satisfaction you will have.

"What a shame, when my darling cousin looks so beautiful."

Alice sat down upon the floor forgetting all about her splendid robe, and Harry sat down beside her, and together they examined and counted the great pile of cards.

"One hundred and twenty! think of it Laura," said Alice, and your lunch wasted."

"Only a portion of it said Harry" if you will give me some. I have had nothing since breakfast, and only just caught the 3.30 train, as it was."

But after all he took only a sandwich and a cup of coffee, and saying he would be back presently, went away suddenly. He looked back a moment into the parlor as he went out, "Stay where you are girls," he said, "I want to see you on my return."

He was absent about half an hour during which time the two disappointed girls found that all the friends they had expected had dropped cards in the basket, and a number of others, some of which they greatly desired to see.

But when Harry returned, he brought a large party with him. How he ever found so many young men in as short a time, nobody can tell but they made a gay party.

They were all sorry for the girl's disappointment, and tried their best to make up for it, and they had a very merry evening after all.

"My dear little cousin," said Harry, coming up to Alice as she stood by the fire after they had gone, and Laura was superintending the removal of the lunch "if I ever find the author of that cruel joke, I will choke him."

"I don't care now Harry, after the evening and with the basket of cards, but it was hard. How good you were to bring them all, and I did not even wish you a happy New year."

"If you will make it a really happy year for me, I will never forget the day," said Harry softly, as he took her hand. Will you Alice?

With a quick smile and glance, Alice wished him again a happy New Year, and he thanked her with a kiss—and she was willing.

Altogether they never forgot that 1st of January, and Alice keeps the basket still.

But they never discovered the author of the joke.

An Indian's Memory.

"How long is it," I once asked one of these northern Crees, who as guide was directing our steps as we were struggling along in the bitter cold in the wild Nelson river country northwest of Hudson's bay, "since you traveled through this land? You seem to know every portage and crossing, and you strike the points you say you will, although for days I have not seen the least vestige of a trail or pathway or the slightest evidence that human beings have ever penetrated these wilds before."

"Missionary," he replied, "I never made this trip but once before, and that was many winters ago, when I came this way with my father."

Great indeed was my astonishment, as for days I had admired his skill and judgment as with never failing accuracy he had cheerily led us on through the unmarked wilderness—a trip of over 200 miles.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous rms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, JAN. 9.

STEADILY FAILING.

Judge Kelley Will Probably Appear No More in Congress.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—Dr. Stanton, the physician attending Judge Kelley, said of his patient: "He is a very sick man, and will have to be carefully watched. I fear that there is a very small chance of his being at the capitol this week."

Judge Kelley has probably been on the floor of the house for the last time. Since the day congress assembled he has not been in his seat more than two or three times.

Judge Kelley has been suffering for five years from an irritation on the inside of the right lower jaw, caused by an incessant use of tobacco. The affected parts showing indications of a malignant tendency caused some apprehension on the part of the judge and led him to consult the most eminent physicians in Washington, Philadelphia and New York. They did not encourage him, however, to undergo a surgical operation, but were disposed to rely upon medical treatment. This proving unsatisfactory, the afflicted representative determined to go to Paris, and there, after consultations with the most skillful surgeons, underwent the severe operation of removing the inflamed parts.

For two years there was no recurrence of the trouble, and it was supposed that the threatened disease had been eradicated. Last spring the irritation showed signs of reappearance, and with the difficulty in eating the judge's health became so much impaired that he went to the seashore in the hope of finding relief. Here he became still more feeble.

Since his arrival in Washington Judge Kelley has been steadily failing. He made several visits to the house prior to the Christmas recess, but only to remain a short time, leaving very much exhausted by the exertion. During this time he has been kept up by stimulants and tonics with his meals. Within the past two weeks he has been obliged to remain in his rooms and have his meals Sent to him when able to eat.

Jail Breakers at Large.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Jan. 7.—Thomas Conway and Michael Paterson, two members of a gang of six burglars, who were arrested at Freeland, this county, a short time ago, and confined in the Luzerne county prison, broke jail some time during the night. They occupied a double cell, the ceiling of which consists of two slate slabs. With pieces of iron torn from their bedsteads they worked in the crevice between the slabs, making an opening large enough to let them through. They passed into the ventilator upon the roof, which they broke through and then let themselves down to the ground outside by means of a rope made of their bed clothes. Warden Brockway offers a reward of $200 for the arrest and return of both, or $100 for one.

A Fatal Mail Train.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Jan. 7.—The mail train west bound on the Pennsylvania railroad killed two men at Tyrone last night, one of them being the train dispatcher. The other has not been identified. They were walking on the track when struck. At Ben's creek, about twelve miles east of here, the train also struck and instantly killed two men, supposed to be Hungarians in the employ of the railroad. They stepped in front of the engine and were terribly mangled. The train was stopped, the bodies taken aboard and brought to this place, where they now lay awaiting identification. Two miles further down the road from here the train struck an omnibus, which runs between Johnstown and Morrellville, and almost killed a woman.

A Mother's Anguish.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Jan. 6.—A sad and terrible shooting accident took place at 511 Washington street, by which Mrs. Kate Bohart, aged about 20 years, will probably lose her life. Her husband, George Bohart, was playing with a shotgun, when Mrs. Kieffer, Mrs. Bohart's mother, struck at him with a broom. It hit the hammer of the gun, and Mrs. Bohart fell to the floor mortally wounded. A full charge of buckshot entered her right side. Drs. Connelly and Senn say she cannot live. Mr. Bohart and Mrs. Kieffer are nearly frantic with grief over the affair.

Philadelphia's Mortality Record.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 7.—The deaths in the city for the last week were 492, being an increase of 88 over the previous week, and an increase of 126 over the corresponding period of last year. Of these 299 were adults and 193 were minors; 359 were born in the United States, 112 were foreign, and 25 were people of color.

More Pittsburg Players.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 4.—Manager Hanlan has had Tommy Quinn, Baltimore's crack catcher, who signed with the Brooklyn Players' League, transferred to this city, and will today sign Gumbert, of last year's Chicago League club, to play with the Pittsburg Players' League this year.

A Big Slate Deal.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Jan. 2.—A syndicate composed of Philadelphia and New York capitalists begin the new year by investing $1,500,000 in slate proprietors in the Lehigh region. The new concern will be known as the Pennsylvania Slate company. It expects to also reach out in the Bangor region.

Demand 5 Per Cent.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Jan. 4.—About 150 miners employed at the Hillman breaker, of the Abbott Hillman Coal company, near Pittston, went out on strike yesterday. A demand of 5 per cent. advance in wages was refused them, and this caused the strike.

Pittston's Missing Merchant.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—The police have been requested to search for Robert B. Rankin, a wealthy merchant of Pittston, who left his home Dec. 16 to purchase goods in New York and has not been heard from. He had a large sum of money on his person.

TRENTON'S MYSTERY

The Remarkable Murder Causes Much Discussion.

THE POLICE ARE NONPLUSSED.

Some Peculiar Features of the Case Which Make Mystery More Mysterious. The Public Prosecutor Instructs the Examining Physicians Not to Talk of Their Discoveries—Queer Tactics for Burglars.

TRENTON, Jan. 6.—A pall of mystery envelops the Kniffin murder case. Excitement and interest have increased steadily since murdered Mrs. Kniffin was discovered in her bed in her husband's home until public feeling has reached a point rarely if ever before attained in this old town. No progress has been made towards the solution of the occurrence. The police are at a loss what to do, and while putting on as serious faces as the importance of this most foul murder warrants have practically made no headway at all and no arrests have been made.

Miss Emma Purcell, the pretty typewriter who was found lying on the floor not many feet from the dead body of her murdered cousin, is still at the Kniffin house and has fully recovered. She is the only person whose movements have been restricted to any extent. A tall policeman stands guard in front of the residence of Dr. Kniffin, and he has been instructed not to allow Miss Purcell to leave the house.

County Physician Charles B. Leavitt, who made the post mortem examination, was assisted by Dr. Wadbury Coleman, of this city. Three members of the coroner's jury were also present.

The doctors made a most thorough examination, but failed to discover evidence of any other violence than the use of chloroform, and found the system of Mrs. Kniffin in an otherwise healthy condition.

One of the peculiar features of the case is the fact that so far as can be ascertained Miss Purcell did not suffer at all from nausea, which is the usual effects of chloroform poisoning.

THE LATEST SENSATION.

Dr. Kniffin Attempts to Commit Suicide by Poison and Razor.

TRENTON, Jan. 7.—Dr. A. S. Kniffin attempted to commit suicide at 3:30 o'clock in the morning. He used his pocket knife, and cut a jagged gash about three inches long in the right side of the throat, which bled profusely. Before committing the deed, however, he took a heavy dose of aconite. The quantity probably saved his life, for a few minutes after he used the knife he threw the drug off.

The noise made by the retching attracted the attention of his brother-in-law, Roscoe Murphy, who was in the next room. He thought some one had been taken ill, and started to investigate. He found the doctor lying undressed on the bed in the room where the murder had been committed. The front of his night shirt was covered with blood. He was still conscious.

"To End My Wretched Life."

"What have you been trying to do, Arthur?" asked Murphy.

"Trying to end my wretched life," said Kniffin.

The household was aroused, and Drs. Shepherd and Cooper at once sent for and a messenger at once dispatched to the home of Druggist Patterson on Mercer street. When Patterson came in he said, when told of the poison:

"Why, I don't believe he got any poison."

"Yes, I did," said the doctor. "I got it off your boy Ed Wilkes early yesterday morning before you got to the store."

The wound on the neck was sewed up and the patient made as comfortable as possible.

His attempt at suicide will not result even seriously, as the wound was merely a flesh one.

Renewed Suspicion.

Many demand the arrest of Dr. Kniffin and Miss Purcell. They regard them as undoubtedly guilty of at least complicity in the murder of Mrs. Myra Kniffin. Dr. Kniffin's attempt on his life is regarded as conclusive evidence of his guilt, and is considered equivalent to a confession.

There are others, however, who now deeply sympathize with the doctor. It is hinted by these that his mind is affected, and that he is not a responsible being. Druggist Patterson is more devoted to him than ever, and declares he is being hounded to death by the vile and exaggerated reports which have been published in some of the papers.

The Coroner's Jury.

The members of the coroner's jury are: Edward B. Sterling, broker; Benjamin Sholes, Alfred T. Osmond, carpet dealer; Philip Arnold, shoemaker; Charles H. Walker, coal dealer; William Pierson, superintendent; Charles B. Lawshe, dry goods merchant; R. Vandyke, G. C. Larrison, John E. Scudder, teamster; Charles Baumgartner, dry goods merchant.

It is stated that the attempted suicide of Dr. Kniffin occurred about two hours after his counsel left him. They had been in lengthy consultation.

Christianity in Africa.

LONDON, Jan. 7.—In a letter to Mr. Bruce, son-in-law of the famous African explorer, Dr. Livingstone, Stanley describes the expulsion of Mohammedanism by the combined efforts of the native Christians, and the subsequent conversion to Christianity of King Mwaga, the savage persecutor who murdered Bishop Harrington, and says: "The fact that the native Christians are strong enough to make a revolution in one of the most powerful of the African kingdoms would have made Livingstone content to die in peace. The most deadly persecution with the stake, the knife and the bullet has failed to shake their staunchness."

The Ohio Senatorship.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 7.—Telegrams sent to members of the Ohio delegation in congress say that Thomas will receive a complimentary vote on the first ballot, but Brice will then be nominated by acclamation. The senatorial convention will be held Thursday evening.

Miss Ellen Bayard Engaged.

WILMINGTON, Del., Jan. 7.—The engagement is reported of Miss Ellen Bayard, youngest daughter of ex-Secretary Bayard, to Count Lewenhaupt, formerly an attache of the Swedish legation at Washington.

THE NEW PLAGUE.

Influenza Has Become a Matter of Serious Concern.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—The record of deaths for the past week exhibits a frightful increase of mortality from pneumonia, bronchitis, phthisis and heart diseases, as well as from influenza. This record is as follows:

Cause of Death, etc.	Week End'g Jan. 4.	Week End'g Dec. 28.	Av. for Past 5 Years.
Smallpox	0	0	4
Measles	7	7	26
Scarlet fever	11	3	23
Diphtheria	31	30	45
Whooping cough	12	6	10
Typhoid fever	7	6	6
Typhus fever	0	0	4
Malarial fever	4	2	4
Cerebro spi'l men's.	1	4	5
Diarrhœal diseases.	19	16	11
Diarrhœal (un. 5 ys.)	13	13	7
Heart diseases	65	49	48
Croup	10	7	27
Bronchitis	99	50	51
Pneumonia	298	139	105
Phthisis	197	131	105
Bright's & nephritis	87	49	48
Violence	40	29	29
Influenza	19	—	—
Total deaths	1,202	762	790
Death rate	39.31	24.85	25.74
Deaths under 1 yr.	188	144	166
Deaths under 5 yrs.	311	240	323
Deaths in institu's.	242	157	154
Deaths in tenem'ts.	731	489	—

Estimated population Dec. 28.....1,594,649
Estimated population Jan. 4.....1,595,549

It is thus seen that more than 39 out of every 1,000 people in New York city perished last week, making a grand total of registered deaths exceeding 1,200, against 762 in the preceding week. The average number for the week corresponding to last during a series of years is 790. The epidemic, with its various complications, has in seven days made a clean sweep on its own account alone of about 370 people.

A Scarcity of Hearses.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—The sudden increase in the death rate of the city was made manifest to the undertakers on Sunday by the fact that most of them had more business on hand than they had facilities to handle. The demand for hearses was so much greater than the supply that many funerals were delayed for hours. One undertaker's establishment which owned six hearses conducted sixteen funerals in one day. Sanitary Superintendent Ewing says that the grip is epidemic in the city beyond a doubt, but he thought it was how at its height and would abate with a few days of clear, cold weather.

A WIDESPREAD CONSPIRACY.

Russians High in Imperial Favor Plotted Against the Czar's Life.

WARSAW, Jan. 4.—The arrest of the Nihilist leader, Pierra Gross, has been productive of disclosures far more startling than any of the alarming revelations which have come to the police within the past few days, appalling as they have been. From letters and documents found concealed in his clothing there is the most damning evidence against many persons high in imperial favor and authority, contemplating not the assassination of the czar alone, but the murder of the entire reigning family as well.

Arrests are of daily and nightly occurrence, and there is a reign of terror among the suspected, no one knowing when he may be visited by the police. A cipher dispatch from St. Petersburg announces that thirty-two officers of the army are under arrest.

The czar continues ill, and his illness has not been satisfactorily accounted for. Contradictory reports of the cause and character of his complaint are put into circulation from the court.

No explanation is given of the arrests made within the imperial palace at Gatschina since the czar was taken ill, but everything indicates that a serious crisis has arisen or is at hand.

Will the Pope Send a Representative?

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.—State department officials profess utter ignorance of any intention on the part of the pope to send a nuncio to this country as the representative of the Vatican. Assistant Secretary Wharton said that he knew nothing about the matter, but he thought it was not likely that a nuncio would come. Mr. Walker Blaine, when asked about it, said: "We have, of course, never recognized the pope as a temporal ruler, and have never sent him an envoy. Our minister to that region has been accredited to the Italian government, and if there has ever been any occasion for communicating with the Vatican it has been done through the minister. I do not think that a papal representative has ever been sent to this country. It is a grave question whether or not one would be received if he came, a question that would have to be discussed over at the White House, and I have not the slightest idea of how it would be decided. I do not believe in the rumor."

A Sicilian's Murderous Attempt.

ROME, Jan. 2.—The king received a deputation of members of the Italian parliament at the quirinal yesterday, to whom, in response to an address, he said that there was a time not long distant when he would not have guaranteed the peace of Europe for a fortnight. Now, however, he believed that peace was assured by an understanding between Russia and Germany. As the deputation were leaving the palace a man who had stationed himself near the doorway threw upon the stone steps a copper box to which was attached a burning fuse. The fuse was extinguished before it had burned sufficiently to explode the contents of the box, and the man was seized. He proved to be a Sicilian named Rita, who said that he was driven to attempt the lives of the deputies by the injustice of the government.

A Tempestuous Voyage.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—All incoming steamers report terribly rough water at sea. The steamer Croma, just arrived from Dundee with a cargo of pig iron, was almost wrecked in a hurricane Dec. 18. Everything on deck was swept away by heavy seas. George Watson, an engineer's assistant, was dashed against the bridge. His right leg was smashed and he was otherwise badly injured. A seaman named Mauritz was washed overboard, but was thrown back by the same wave. He struck the mainmast and four of his ribs were broken. The two injured men were taken to a hospital on reaching port. The damage to the vessel is quite heavy.

No More "Boodle" Trials.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—District Attorney Fellows said in an interview that he believed it would be a waste of public money to try any more of the "boodle" cases, as an acquittal, or at least disagreement, would certainly result in every case. He will not go on with the trials.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

Death of the Distinguished Pennsylvanian at His Home.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE ABROAD,

He Rendered Signal Service to Americans Who Had Been Wronged by Syrians—His Services to American Literature—The Author of "Francesca da Rimini," "Calaynos" and Other Plays.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 4.—The Hon. George H. Boker, ex-minister to Turkey and Russia, and president of the park commission, died yesterday at his residence in this city, No. 1720 Walnut street, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

Some eight weeks ago he was prostrated by an illness which it was supposed would readily yield to medical science. But such was not the case, for Mr. Boker was confined to his bed without relief for fully a month, and at one time brought to the verge of death. There was then, however, a rallying of strength, and it was announced only a short time ago that he was convalescing. But this hopeful state was of short duration, for he was again prostrated by heart failure and passed tranquilly away.

Secretary Williams, of the Union League, at once issued notices for a special meeting to take suitable action, and the park commission was given similar word. Mr. Boker was the sixth president of that body.

Mr. Boker's last appearance in public was at the meeting of the park commission in October last.

His Early Literary Productions.

George H. Boker gratuated from Princeton college when only 19 years of age. Soon after leaving college he married Miss Riggs and went abroad for six months. On his return home he published, in 1847, his first book, "The Lessons of Life and Other Poems." His first decided success "Calaynos," a tragedy on a Spanish theme, issued the next year. This was better appreciated in England than in his own country. Being pirated in London, it was brought out there on the stage, after which it was played through the provinces and finally imported into America.

"Francesca da Rimini."

Two later tragedies, the "Betrothal" and Francesca da Rimini," met with a similar success. "Annie Boleyn," which was not played, is also a strong and touching tragedy. All these works, produced in so short a time, are cast in the Elizabethan mould, abound in firm characterization, and are enriched with sterling poetic imagery. Mr. Boker must be ranked as one of the most successful poetic playwrights of the century. Meanwhile he had been writing many short plays and poems, and so distinguished himself in the sonnet that Leigh Hunt, in his elaborate and delightful "Book of the Sonnet," cited Boker as one of the foremost of living sonneteers, and reprinted several examples of his work.

Appointed Minister to Turkey.

On Nov. 4, 1871, President Grant appointed Mr. Boker minister to Constantinople, vice Wayne MacVeagh resigned, and on the eve of his departure he was given a reception at the league which will be ever memorable in the annals of that organization.

He remained at Constantinople four years, and during that time secured redress for wrongs done American subjects by the Syrians, and successfully negotiated two treaties—one having reference to the extradition of criminals, and the other to the naturalization of the subjects of either power in the dominions of the other.

From Turkey to Russia.

On May 23, 1875, Mr. Boker resigned the Turkish mission, and was at once appointed by President Grant minister to Russia, and started at once for St. Petersburg, returning twice to this country on leave of absence. On May 30, 1877, he resigned the mission, although strennous efforts were made to have him continue, but he yielded the place to save President Hayes, who had succeeded President Grant, from embarrassment.

His Last Years.

Upon Mr. Boker's relinquishment of diplomatic work he settled down at his home here and concerned himself with literature, with financial projects, and with social engagements. He became identified with the efforts to secure an elevated railroad in this city, and was made president of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit company in 1880, being similarly identified with similar enterprises springing out of it, the last and most important being the Philadelphia and Northeast Elevated Railroad company.

Badly Burned by Mine Gas.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Jan. 6.—A serious explosion occurred in the Nottingham mine, Plymouth. On Thursday last a portion of the roof of the mine caved in. On Saturday Superintendent Leckey and Inside Foreman John Berkheiser entered the mine for the purpose of making an examination. They carried naked lights, and upon going into a chamber a violent explosion occurred. Both men were knocked down. Leckey was burned about the body, but not seriously. Berkheiser was quite seriously burned, probably fatally. The men did not know that there was gas in the chamber.

A Persistent Eloper.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Jan. 2.—"Hanoc" Peter, who keeps a boarding shanty at Lewiston, is possessed of a fair looking wife, who has numerous admirers among the boarders. "Peloc" John, one of them, induced the woman to elope to Shamokin. The husband followed and caught them, and took his wife back to his home. John returned a few hours later and endeavored to gain admittance to the house, when the husband opened the door and fired thirteen shots. John was fatally injured.

The Engineer Acquitted.

LANCASTER, Pa., Jan. 3.—In the case of William Rogers, a Pennsylvania railroad engineer, on trial for criminal negligence in causing the death of John C. Ryan, a conductor, the jury rendered a verdict of acquittal. Rogers' train ran into Ryan's train while Rogers was asleep on his engine, having been on duty for twenty-two hours.

To Be Executed Feb. 2.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 3. — Governor Beaver has issued warrants for the execution of the following murderers, who will be hanged on Feb. 2 next: Thomas J. Cole and Jacob S. Schoop, of Philadelphia; William S. Hopkins, of Belleforte, and John W. Eady, of Lancaster.

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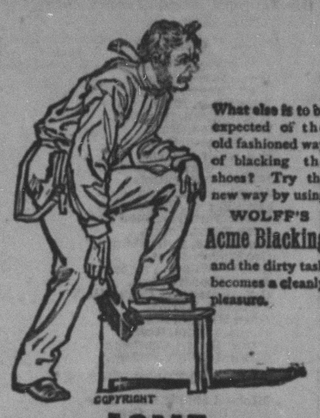

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"	Harrisburg		3 30 a m
"	Montandon		5 36 a m
"	Williamsport		7 10 a m
"	Jersey Shore		7 35 a m
"	Lock Haven		7 58 a m
"	Renovo		8 55 a m
"	arr at Erie		4 05 p m

Sunday train—Erie mail west runs also on Sunday.

NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia		4 50 a m
"	Harrisburg		8 10 a m
"	Montandon		10 12 a m
"	Williamsport		11 10 a m
"	arr at Lock Haven		12 10 p m

Sunday Train—News Express, runs also on Sunday.

NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia		8.50 a m
"	Harrisburg		12 15a m
"	Montandon		2 03 a m
"	arr at Williamsport		3 05 p m
"	Lock Haven		4 15 p m
"	Renovo		5 15 p m
"	Kane		9 10 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia		11 50 p m
"	Harrisburg		3 45 p m
"	Montandon		5 54 p m
"	Williamsport		7 10 p m
"	Lock Haven		8 02 p m
"	arr at Renovo		9 00 p m
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"	Montandon		9 34 a m
"	arrives at Williamsport		10 30 a m

Sunday Train.—Williamtport Express runs also on Sunday.

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven		7 00 a m
"	Jersey Shore		7 35 a m
"	Williamsport		8 15 a m
"	Montandon		9 17 a m
"	arr at Harrisburg		11 30 a m
"	Philadelphia		3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane		6 25 a m
"	Renovo		10 20 a m
"	Lock Haven		11 15 a m
"	Williamsport		12 20 p m
"	Montandon		1 20 p m
"	arr at Harrisburg		3 15 p m
"	Philadelphia		6 50 p m
RENOVO AC'N leaves	Renovo		4 30 p m
"	Lock Haven		5 35 p m
"	Williamsport		6 40 p m
"	Montandon		7 42 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg		9 45 p m
"	Philadelphia		4 25 a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs on Sunday from Lock Haven.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie		3 00 p m
"	Renovo		10 30 p m
"	Lock Haven		11 25 p m
"	Williamsport		12 25 a m
"	Montandon		1 29 a m
"	arr at Harrisburg		3 22 a m
"	Philadelphia		6 50 a m

Sunday Train—Erie Mail east runs also on Sunday.

SOUTHERN EXP leaves	Williamsport		1 30 a m
"	Montandon		2 30 a m
"	arr at Harrisburg		4 30 a m
"	Philadelphia		10 20 a m

Sunday Train—Southern Express east runs also on Sunday.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East. Renovo Accommodation East & Erie Mail East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.					STATIONS.	Eastward.		
P M	A.M.	A.M.				A M	P.M.	P M
2 05	10 15	5 50			Montandon	9 10	1 15	5 45
2 15	10 25	6 15			Lewisburg	9 00	1 05	5 35
2 26		6 24			Biehl	8 51		5 26
2 32		6 30			Vicksburg	8 45		5 20
2 43		6 41			Mifflinburg	8 35		5 08
2 58		6 56			Millmont	8 22		4 53
3 08		7 05			Laurelton	8 13		4 42
3 44		7 40			Paddy Mountain	7 40		4 08
3 55		7 52			Coburn	7 27		3 55
4 04		7 58			Zerby	7 19		3 45
4 13		8 10			Rising Spring	7 16		3 35
4 21		8 18			Penn Cave	7 00		3 27
4 28		8 25			Centre Hall	6 52		3 20
4 33		8 33			Gregg	6 43		3 13
4 43		8 42			Linden Hall	6 36		3 06
4 48		8 48			Oak Hall	6 30		3 00
4 52		8 52			Lemont	6 25		2 55
4 57		8 59			Dale Summit	6 20		2 50
5 06		9 09			Pleasant Gap	6 10		2 40
5 10		9 14			Axemann	6 04		2 34
5 15		9 20			Bellefonte	6 00		2 30

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, 1.45p m and 7.30 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 p m, 1.23 p m, 6.00 p m and 7 45 p m.

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TWENTY-SIX PERISH.

Fearful Holocaust in an English Paupers' School.

THE VICTIMS WERE ALL BOYS.

Those Killed Were in the Upper Stories, and Were Awakened from Sleep to Meet Death—All but Two Were Suffocated—A Boy Hero—The Girls' Department Escaped the Flames.

LONDON, Jan. 3.—The boys' section of the paupers' school in the district of Forestgate, in connection with the White Chapel and Poplars unions, took fire while the inmates were asleep and was burned, with terrible results, twenty-six of the boys, who were in the upper stories, being suffocated before they could be rescued. Fifty-eight other boys were safely taken from the burning building amid terrible excitement. Two of the matrons of the institution escaped in safety by sliding down the water pipes. Several of the boys escaped in the same way. The superintendent of the school repeatedly rushed through the flames and brought out a number of the inmates. There were 600 persons in the institution.

Caused by an Overheated Stove.

The bodies of those who were suffocated were carried to the main hall of the building, which was still profusely decorated with Christmas greens.

The fire was caused by an overheated stove. The female department, in which were 250 girls, was not touched. The boys retired in the highest spirits, having been promised presents and a New Year's fete.

The scenes in the main hall, where the bodies of the dead boys lie, were harrowing. Relatives and school fellows of those who perished were loud in their lamentations.

Their Cries Were Terrible.

Further reports of the fire show that it originated in a clothing room beneath the boys' dormitory. The smoke and flames issuing from the stove flue alarmed those sleeping on the top floor and they made their escape. The fire engines were promptly on the spot. The employes of an adjacent railway station rushed to the scene and rendered valuable assistance. The cries of the boys who were unable to escape were terrible. The ages of the dead range from 7 to 12 years.

A School of Incorrigibles.

The school was filled with boys who had been committed to its care because of their incorrigable habits, and altogether the inmates were of a character from which little discipline or obedience might be expected in moments when both were imperatively demanded. As a rule, however, the boys yielded readily to the directions of their superiors, and to this fact is due the safety of scores who otherwise would have perished. Of the twenty-six who lost their lives only two were burned to death, the others having been suffocated in their beds. Many of the latter were aroused with the rest, but became stupified with the smoke and crawled back to their cots to die.

A Juvenile Hero.

The hero of the occasion was a boy who acted in the capacity of monitor in the fatal ward, himself a boy whose vicious habits had made him an inmate of the institution. Through his efforts many boys were literally driven from the building and he ceased his work of rescuing his fellows only when he was himself driven out by the flames. Several of his companions he dragged unconscious out of the windows, while others he carried into the air in his arms.

Thousands of persons impelled by curiosity have visited the scene of the fire in the building of the Forest Gate pauper school, and the police and attendants have been kept busy in their endeavors to return sufficient clear space wherein necessary work might be done.

CALIFORNIA'S SEVERE STORM.

It Causes Fatal Railroad Accidents—The Thermometer Below Zero.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 7.—The storms have done great damage to the Oregon Railway and Navigation company and several accidents have been attended with fatal results.

Fireman Cross was seriously scalded at Hood river on Saturday.

Fireman Orves was killed by a collision between a freight and a passenger train, near Willows, on Saturday night.

It is rumored that two were killed and thirteen injured on the same road at Riparie, but this is unconfirmed.

The first train from Spokane in five days arrived here yesterday.

Eight engines were demolished on the road.

It is the heaviest snow in years, and the thermometer is below zero.

The Jackson Election.

JACKSON, Miss., Jan. 7.—The municipal election passed off very quietly and without disturbance. Gen. Henry, Democrat, for mayor, and all the Democratic aldermen are elected. Only about fifteen or twenty negroes presented themselves and asked the privilege of voting, but on being told by men stationed near the polls to see that there was a peaceful election that their voting might cause trouble, they quickly withdrew, none of them insisting on voting. There were a great many strangers in town.

Sullivan Will Fight No More.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—John L. Sullivan has made up his mind to retire from the ring after one more battle. He has been considering this move since he came to this city three weeks ago and now he is determined to seek a new field. He says he will never fight with bare knuckles again, as he does not care to run the risk of violating law. If, however, the California Athletic club will offer sufficient inducements he will meet Jackson, the Australian, with gloves. Then he will quit the business.

To Watch Public Officials.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 7.—An organization has been formed in this city, embracing in its membership all the labor and several of the German bodies. Its purpose is to watch public officials and exercise its influence by means of petitions to legislative bodies. It is claimed by its leaders that 30,000 Cincinnati voters can be reached within ten days, so perfect is its organization.

Congressman Gibson Seriously Ill.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 7.—Congressman Charles H. Gibson, of the First Maryland district, is seriously ill of pneumonia at the residence of a friend. Mr. Gibson's condition is alarming.

NEWS BREVITIES.

Mr. Solomon White, the most prominent annexationist in Canada, was nominated for mayor of Windsor by acclamation.

The Democratic members of the legislature at Frankfort, Ky., who met in caucus to nominate a United States senator, adjourned without action.

Secretary Mohler, of the Kansas state board of agriculture, says he does not anticipate the slightest injury to the Kansas wheat crop from the blizzard.

A hundred men from Pierre, S. D., attempted to "jump" the land of half breed Indians, but were set upon by the latter and repulsed, after a lively skirmish.

The Dublin Freemans' Journal says it has strong reason to believe that Lord Salisbury will dissolve parliament at the earliest moment.

South Carolina has an epidemic of incendiary fires. Last month the governor issued a dozen proclamations offering rewards for firebugs.

Erne Jacobson, 5 years old, arrived at Castle Garden from Hamburg. On a crimson ribbon about her neck is printed the name and address of her father, in Chicago, and the little tot was sent on her way.

At a bull fight in the City of Mexico the plaza gave way, and many were buried beneath the debris, some being stripped of their clothing in the rush for life. Hundreds were wounded, but, strange as it may appear, there were no fatalities. Ten thousand people were present.

Mrs. Sarah A. McAuliffe, formerly matron of the Tombs prison, New York, committed suicide by drowning in the East river. She was evidently insane.

Queen Victoria has ordered the court to wear mourning for thirty days for Ex-Empress Theresa, of Brazil.

Dr. Douned, the court physician at Munich, committed suicide Thursday.

A dispatch from Paris states that Minister Whitelaw Reid has obtained leave of absence and will visit America about the middle of February.

The reported engagement of Mary Anderson to Antonio de Navarro, of New York, is denied.

The principal down town station of the Edison Illuminating company, on Pearl street, New York, was completely destroyed by fire.

Michael Davitt, in a speech at Dublin, declared that he had no sympathy with state endowment of universities.

Prince Bismarck received 600 telegrams on New Year's day from well wishers in the fatherland and abroad.

It is positively stated by one who claims to know that Mrs. Maybrick, the convicted prisoner, will soon be pardoned.

At Lebanon, Pa., Joseph F. Miller was fatally burned by the explosion of gasoline which he was using in polishing a stove.

A valuable anthracite coal discovery is reported at Savanna, Ont.

T. V. Powderly was taken suddenly ill at the Windsor hotel, Philadelphia, and Dr. Cooper ordered that he be at once sent to his home.

The Pottstown, Pa., Iron company raised the iron puddlers' wages from $3.50 to $3.75 per ton.

The executive board of the Knights of Labor held two sessions Saturday at Philadelphia and transacted business of great importance to the order, but no information of its character could be obtained.

Gen. Bingham has introduced a bill in the national house providing for the sale of the mint buildings and grounds at Philadelphia, the purchase of a new site and the erection of new and more suitable buildings.

Viscount Templeton, who was gold stick in waiting to Queen Victoria, died at San Remo. He was a veteran of the Crimean war,

By a collision between freight trains near East Mereland, N. H., Engineer Slate and Fireman Gibson were instantly killed.

David J. Brewer, the new associate justice of the United States supreme court, has assumed the duties of his office.

It is said that Mrs. Southworth, the New York murderess, can live but a few hours.

Secretary Windom is confined to his home with an attack of influenza.

The investigation into the charges against the dock commissioners of New York has been postponed on account of the illness of Surrogate Rollins, who is afflicted with influenza.

A general strike is threatened at the Chicago stock yards.

A compromise was effected between President Mackay and his employes, and all the strikers on the Indiana roads returned to work.

William Martin killed Logan Lyttle in a saloon fight in Louisville.

Fire started in the Fannie Paddock hospital, at Tacoma, Wash. The patients were all saved. The excitement, however, will prove fatal to a number.

THE MARKETS.

Prices on the Stock, Produce and Petroleum Exchanges.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 6.—The market was dull. There was some demand for Pennsylvania, and the stock advanced. Lehigh Valley was strong and Lehigh Navigation was firm. Reading declined, and the preferred income bonds showed some weakness. The Villard stocks were steady. Western New York and Pennsylvania advanced.

Following were the closing bids:

Lehigh Valley	53	Reading g. m. 4s	89
N. Pac. com	31	Reading 1st pf. 5s	80
N. Pac. pf	75	Reading 2d pf. 5s	57
Pennsylvania	53¼	Reading 3d pf. 5s	—
Reading	19 7-16	H. and B. T. com.	—
Lehigh Nav.	82¼	H. and B. T. pf.	45
St. Paul	70¾	W., N. Y. and P.	8½

New York Produce Market.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—State and western flour steady; fair inquiry; low extra, $2.35@2.85; city mills patents, $4.65@5.40; fair to fancy, $3@4.65; superfine, $2.10@2.75; winter wheats, low grades, $2.35@2.85. Southern quiet and steady.

Wheat—Steady and dull; January, 85¾c.; February, 87 1-16c.; March, 88¾c.; April, 88¾@89c.; May, 89 5-16@89¾c.; June, 88¾c.

Corn—Dull and steady; mixed western, 37@41c.

Oats—Dull and easier; state, 37½@38½c.; western, 36½@34½c.

Beef—Quiet; plate, $7.75@8; extra mess, $7.

Pork—Quiet; firm; mess, $10@10.50; extra prime, $9.50@9.75.

Lard—Quiet; firm; steam rendered, $6.12½ bid.

Eggs—State and Pennsylvania, 19@20c.; western, 18½@19c.; southern, 18c.; limed, 14@15c.

The Oil Market.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 6.—Oil opened at $1.03¾, declined to $1.03, and closed at $1.03¼.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—The market opened at $1.03¾, declined to $1.03, and closed at $1.03¾.

Centre Hall Mills.

All grades of Roller Flour constantly on hand, at wholesale to dealers and at retail.

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All grades of Chop.

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Granulated Corn Meal of the finest grades.

—o—

Bran, fine and coarse.

—o—

COAL, always on hand, Hard, Soft and Woodland, all sizes.

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6. LADIES' COURSE IN LITERATURE and SCIENCE; Two years. Ample facilities for Music, vocal and instrumental.
7. LANGUAGE and LITERATURE; Latin (optional,) French, German and English (required,) one or more continued through the entire course.
   MATHEMATICS and ASTRONOMY; pure and applied.
9. MECHANIC ARTS; combining shop work with study, three years' course; New building and equipment.
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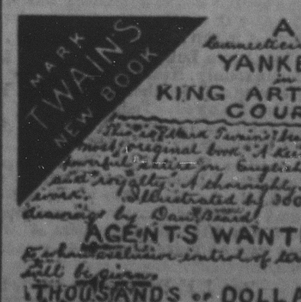

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject; "The Sky Anthem." (Preached at Beyrout.)

TEXT: *"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."*—Luke ii., 14.

At last I have what I longed for, a Christmas eve in the Holy Land. This is the time of year that Christ landed. He was a December Christ. This is the chill air through which He descended. I look up through these Christmas skies, and I see no loosened star hastening southward to halt above Bethlehem, but all the stars suggest the Star of Bethlehem. No more need that any of them run along the sky to point downward. In quietude they kneel at the feet of Him who, though once an exile, is now enthroned forever. Fresh up from Bethlehim, I am full of the scenes suggested by a visit to that village. You know that whole region of Bethlehem is famous in Bible story. There were the waving harvests of Boaz, in which Ruth gleaned for herself and weeping Naomi. There David the warrior was thirsty, and three men of unheard of self denial broke through the Philistine army to get him a drink. It was to that region that Joseph and Mary came to have their names enrolled in the census. That is what the Scripture means when it says they came "to be taxed," for people did not in those days rush after the assessors of tax any more than they now do.

The village inn was crowded with the strangers who had come up by the command of Government to have their names in the census, so that Joseph and Mary were obliged to lodge in the stables. You have seen some of those large stone buildings, in the center of which the camels were kept, while running out from this center in all directions there were rooms, in one of which Jesus was born. Had his parents been more showily appareled I have no doubt they would have found more comfortable entertainment. That night in the fields the shepherds, with crook and kindled fires, were watching their flocks, when hark! to the sound of voices strangely sweet. Can it be that the maidens of Bethlehem have come out to serenade the weary shepherds! But now a light stoops upon them like the morning, so that the flocks arise, shaking their snowy fleece and bleating to their drowsy young. The heavens are filled with armies of light, and the earth quakes under the harmony as, echoed back from cloud to cloud, it rings over the midnight hills: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." It seems that the crown of royalty and dominion and power which Christ left behind Him was hung on the sky in sight of Bethlehem. Who knows but that that crown may have been mistaken by the wise men for the star running and pointing downward?

My subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that indigence is not always significant of degradation. When Princes are born, heralds announce it, and cannon thunder it, and flags wave it, and illuminations set cities on fire with the tidings. Some of us in England or America remember the time of rejoicing when the Prince of Wales was born. You can remember the gladness throughout Christendom at the nativity in the palace at Madrid. But when our glorious Prince was born, there was no rejoicing on earth. Poor and growing poorer, yet the heavenly recognition that Christmas night shows the truth of the proposition that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

In all ages there have been great hearts throbbing under rags, tender sympathies under rough exterior, gold in the quartz, Parian marble in the quarry, and in every stable of privation wonders of excellence that have been the joy of the heavenly host. All the great deliverers of literature and of nations were born in homes without affluence, and from their own privation learned to speak and fight for the oppressed. Many a man has held up his pine knot light from the wilderness until all nations and generations have seen it, and off of his hard crust of penury has broken the bread of knowledge and religion for the starving millions of the race. Poetry, and science, and literature, and commerce, and laws, and constitutions, and liberty, like Christ, were born in a manger. All the great thoughts which have decided the destiny of nations started in obscure corners, and had Herods who wanted to slay them and Iscariots who betrayed them, and rabbles that crucified them, and sepulchres that confined them until they burst forth in glorious resurrection. Strong character, like the rhododendron, is an Alpine plant, that grows fastest in the storm. Men are like wheat, worth all the more for being flailed. Some of the most useful people would never have come to positions of usefulness had they not been ground and pounded and hammered in the foundry of disaster. When I see Moses coming up from the ark of bulrushes to be the greatest lawgiver of the ages, and Amos from tending the herds to make Israel tremble with his prophecies, and David from the sheepcote to sway the poet's pen and the King's scepter, and Peter from the fishing net to be the great preacher at the Pentecost, I find proof of the truth of my proposition that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

My subject also impresses me with the thought that it is while at our useful occupations that we have the divine manifestations. Had those shepherds gone that night into Bethlehem and risked their flocks among the wolves, they would not have heard the song of the angels. In other words, that man sees most of God and heaven who minds his own business. We all have our posts of duty, and standing there God appears to us. We are all shepherds or shepardesses, and we have our flocks of cares and annoyances and anxieties, and we must tend them.

We sometimes hear very good people say: "If I had a month or a year or two to do nothing but attend to religious things, I would be a great deal better than I am now." You are mistaken. Generally the best people are the busy people. Elisha was plowing in the field when the prophetic mantle fell on him. Matthew was attending to his custom house duties when Christ commanded him to follow. James and John were mending their nets when Christ called them to be fishers of men. Had they been snoring in the sun Christ would not have called their indolence into the apostleship. Gideon was at work with the flail on the threshing floor when he saw the angel. Saul was with great fatigue hunting up the lost asses when he found the crown of Israel. The prodigal son would never have reformed and wanted to have returned to his father's house if he had not first gone into business, though it was swine feeding. Not once out of a hundred times will a lazy man become a Christian. Those who have nothing to do are in very unfavorable circumstances for the receiving of divine manifestations. It is not when you are in idleness, but when you are, like the Bethlehem shepherds, watching your flocks, that the glory descends and there is joy among the angels of God over your soul penitent and forgiven.

My subject also strikes at the delusion that the religion of Christ is dolorous and grief infusing. The music that broke through the midnight heavens was not a dirge, but an anthem. It shook joy over the hills. It not only dropped upon the shepherds, but it sprang upward among the thrones. The robe of a Saviour's righteousness is not black. The Christian life is not made up of weeping and cross bearing and war waging. Through the revelation of that Christmas night I find that religion is not a groan, but a song. In a world of sin and sick bed and sepulchers, we must have trouble; but in the darkest night the heavens part with angelic song. You may, like Paul, be shipwrecked, but I exhort you to be of good cheer, for you shall all escape safe to the land. Religion does not show itself in the elongation of the face and the cut of the garb. The Pharisee who puts his religion into his phylactery has none left for his heart. Fretfulness and complaining do not belong to the family of Christian graces which move into the heart when the devil moves out. Christianity does not frown upon amusements and recreations. It is not a synic, it is not a shrew, it chokes no laughter, it quenches no light, it defaces no art. Among the happy, it is the happiest. It is just as much at home on the playground as it is in the church. It is just as graceful in the charade as it is in the psalm book. It sings just as well in Surrey gardens as it prays in St. Paul's. Christ died that we might live. Christ walked that we might ride. Christ wept that we might laugh.

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that glorious endings sometimes have very humble beginnings. The straw pallet was the starting point, but the shout in the midnight sky revealed what would be the glorious consummation. Christ on Mary's lap, Christ on the throne of universal dominion—what an humble starting! What a glorious ending! Grace begins on a small scale in the heart. You see only men as trees walking. The grace of God in the heart is a feeble spark, and Christ has to keep both hands over it lest it be blown out. What an humble beginning! But look at that same man when He has entered heaven. No crown able to express His royalty. No palace able to express His wealth. No sceptre able to express His power and His dominion. Drinking from the fountain that drips from the everlasting Rock. Among the harpers harping with their harps. On a sea of glass mingled with fire. Before the throne of God, to go no more out forever. The spark of grace that Christ had to keep both hands over lest it come to extinction, having flamed up into honor and glory and immortality. What humble starting! What glorious consummation!

The New Testament Church was on a small scale. Fishermen watched it. Against the uprising walls crashed infernal engineery. The world said anathema. Ten thousand people rejoiced at every seeming defeat, and said: "Aha! aha! so we would have it." Martyrs on fire cried: "How long, O Lord, how long?" Very humble starting, but see the difference at the consummation, when Christ with His almighty arm has struck off the last chain of human bondage, and Himalaya shall be Mount Zion; and Pyrenees, Moriah; and oceans, the walking place of Him who trod the wave cliffs of stormed Tiberias, and island shall call to island, sea to sea, continent to continent, and the song of the world's redemption rising, the heavens, like a great sounding board, shall strike back the shout of salvation to the earth until it rebounds again to the throne of God, and all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their scepters. Oh, what an humble beginning! What a glorious ending! Throne linked to a manger, heavenly mansions to a stable.

My subject also impresses me with the effect of Christ's mission upward and downward. Glory, to God, peace to man. When God sent His Son into the world, angels discovered something new in God, something they had never seen before. Not power, not wisdom, not love. They knew all that before. But when God sent His Son into this world then the angels saw the spirit of self-denial in God, the spirit of self-sacrifice in God. It is easier to love an angel on His throne than a thief on the cross, a seraph in his worship than an adulteress in her crime. When the angels saw God—the God who would not allow the most insignificant angel in heaven to be hurt—give up His Son, His Son, His only, only Son, they saw something that they had never thought of before, and I do not wonder that when Christ started out on that pilgrimage the angels in heaven clapped their wings in triumph and called on all the hosts of heaven to help them celebrate it, and sang so loud that the Bethlehem shepherds heard it: "Glory to God in the highest."

But it was also to be a mission of peace to man. Infinite holiness—accumulated depravity. How could they ever come together! The Gospel bridges over the distance. It brings God to us. It takes us to God. God in us, and we in God. Atonement! Atonement! Justice satisfied, sins forgiven, eternal life secured, heaven built on a manger.

But it was also to be the pacification of all individual and international animosities. What a sound this word of peace had in the Roman Empire that boasted of the number of people it had massacred, that prided itself on the number of the slain, that rejoiced at the trembling provinces. Sicily and Corsica and Sardinia and Macedonia and Egypt had bowed to her sword and crouched at the cry of her war eagles. She gave her chief honor to Scipio and Fabius and Cæsar—all men of blood. What contempt they must have had there for the penniless, unarmed Christ in the garb of a Nazarine, starting out to conquer all nations. There never was a place on earth where that word peace sounded so offensively to the ears of the multitude as in the Roman Empire. They did not want peace. The greatest music they ever heard was the clanking chains of their captives. If all the blood that has been shed in battle could be gathered together it would upbear a navy. The club that struck Abel to the earth has its echo in the butcheries of all ages. Edmund Burke, who gave no wild statistics, said that there had been spent in slaughter thirty-five thousand millions of dollars, or what would be equal to that; but he had not seen into our times, when in our own day, in America, we expended three thousand millions of dollars in civil war.

Oh, if we could now take our position on some high point and see the world's armies march past! What a spectacle it would be! There go the hosts of Israel through a score of Red seas—one of water, the rest of blood. There go Cyrus and his army, with infuriate yell rejoicing over the fall of the gates of Babylon. There goes Alexander, leading forth his hosts and conquering all the world but himself, the earth reeling with the battle gash of Arbela and Persepolis. There goes Ferdinand Cortes, leaving his butchered enemies on the table lands once fragrant with vanilla and covered over with groves of flowering cacao. There goes the great Frenchman, leading his army down through Egypt like one of its plagues, and up through Russia like one of its own icy blasts. Yonder is the grave trench under the shadow of Sebastopol. There are the ruins of Delhi and Allahabad, and yonder are the inhuman Sepoys and the brave regiments under Havelock avenging the insulted flag of Britain; while cut right through the heart of my native land is a trench in which there lie one million Northern and Southern dead.

Oh, the tears! Oh, the blood! Oh, the long marches! Oh, the hospital wounds! Oh, the martyrdom! Oh, the death! But brighter than the light which flashed on all these swords and shields and musketry is the light that fell on Bethlehem, and louder than the bray of the trumpets, and the neighing of the chargers, and the crash of the walls, and the groaning of the dying armies, is the song that unrolls this moment from the sky, sweet as though all the bells of heaven rung a jubilee: "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Oh, when will the day come—God hasten it!—when the swords shall be turned into plowshares, and the fortresses shall be remodeled into churches, and the men of blood battling for renown shall become good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and the cannon now striking down whole columns of death shall thunder the victories of the truth.

When we think of the whole world saved we are apt to think of the few people that now inhabit it. Only a very few compared with the populations to come. And what a small part cultivated. Do you know it has been authentically estimated that three-fourths of Europe is yet all barrenness, and that nine hundred and ninety-one one-thousandth part of the entire globe is uncultivated? This is all to be cultivated, all inhabited and all gospelized. Oh, what tears of repentance when nations begin to weep! Oh, what supplications when continents begin to pray! Oh, what rejoicing when hemispheres begin to sing! Churches will worship on the places where this very hour smokes the blood of human sacrifice, and wandering through the snake infested jungles of Africa Christ's heel will bruise the serpent's head. Oh, when the trumpet of salvation shall be sounded everywhere and the nations are redeemed, a light will fall upon every town brighter than that which fell upon Bethlehem, and more overwhelming than the song that fell on the pasture fields where the flocks fed, there will be a song louder than the voice of the storm lifted oceans, "Glory to God in the highest," and from all nations and kindred and people and tongues will come the response, "And on earth peace, good will toward men!" On this Christmas Eve I bring you good tidings of great joy. Pardon for all sin, comfort for all trouble and life for the dead. Shall we now take this Christ into our hearts? The time is passing. This is the closing of the year. How the time speeds by. Put your hand on your heart—one, two, three. Three times less it will beat. Life is passing like gazelles over the plain. Sorrows hover like petrels over the sea. Death swoops like a vulture from the mountains. Misery rolls up to our ears like waves. Heavenly songs fall to us like stars.

I wish you a merry Christmas, not with worldly dissipations, but merry with Gospel gladness, merry with pardoned sin, merry with hope of reunion in the skies with all your loved ones who have preceded you. In that grandest and best sense a merry Christmas.

And God grant that in our final moment we may have as bright a vision as did the dying girl when she said: "Mother"—pointing with her thin white hand through the window—"Mother, what is that beautiful land out yonder beyond the mountains, the high mountains?" "Oh," said the mother, "my darling, there are no mountains within sight of our home." "Oh, yes," she said, "don't you see them—that beautiful land beyond the mountains out there, just beyond the high mountains?"

The mother looked down into the face of her dying child and said: "My dear, I think that must be heaven that you see." "Well, then," she said, "father, you come, and with your strong arms carry me over those mountains into that beautiful land beyond the high mountains." "No," said the weeping father, "my darling, I can't go with you." "Well," she said, clapping her hands, "never mind, never mind; I see yonder a shining one coming. He is coming now, in His strong arms to carry me over the mountains to the beautiful land—over the mountains, over the high mountains!"

Execution Methods in China.

The Soo-Chow correspondent of the *North China Herald*, reporting recently the execution of seven pirates in that city, refers to the manner in which executions in China are fixed. In other countries the criminal knows beforehand the day of his death, and has time to prepare for his fate. But in China all is different. At Pekin the vermillion pencil marks the death warrant, which is immediately handed to a courier, who instantly mounts a horse and rides off to his destination. The post supplies fresh horses, and he goes onward, sleeping and eating in his saddle, never halting by day or night, in sunshine or rain. After riding 700 miles he reaches Soo-Chow and delivers the warrant to the Governor. Three messengers are instantly dispatched, one to the district magistrate, who presides at the execution and who repairs at once to the place, a second to the camp for an escort and the third to the jail. The victims are bound, dragged before the image of the lord of hades, which is in the prison, and pay their respects. They are then placed in cages, carried on coolies' backs, and at a rough trot the cortege sets out for the execution ground. The nerve and blade of one executioner is never trusted in Soo-Chow to take off more than three or four heads. If there is a greater number of criminals assistants are employed. There are generally from fifty to one hundred executions per annum in Soo-Chow, where all the criminals of Kiang-Soo, with a population of 21,000,000, are executed. They are mostly pirates.

One Question Too Many.

Ex-Judge Noah Davis was always noted, while he was on the bench, for his pertinent questions to witnesses. One day a suit was tried before him in which a steamship company was required to show cause why it should not pay the damages to certain goods which had been destroyed by the incontinent actions of truck horses, frightened, as it was claimed, by the horrible and unearthly whistles of the steamship which was about to depart from the pier. One of the witnesses was Michael Sweeny, an Irishman, who was present at the time of the accident.

Stephen F. Nash, the counsel for the plaintiff, asked Mr. Sweeny if his horses were frightened by the whistle of the boat.

"They were not, sor," he said.

"But what kind of an ear have your horses, Mr. Sweeny?" said Mr. Nash.

"They have good ears, sor," he answered.

"Did you hear the whistle yourself?"

"I did, sor."

"But," said Judge Davis, turning to the innocent-looking Irishman, "what kind of a cart or truck was it that you drove, Mike?"

"A hand-cart, sor."

"Ah," said the Judge, turning apologetically to the discomposed Mr. Nash, "we have asked one question too many."—*Detroit News.*

Nature's Remedy for Diphtheria.

It is said that nature has her own remedy for every ill to which flesh is heir. Some of her remedies have not yet been discovered and some that have been found out have not become generally known. Medical science has long sought for a sovereign remedy for the scourge of childhood, diphtheria, yet the colored people of Louisiana, and perhaps of other localities in the South, have for years known and used a cure which is remarkable for its simplicity. It is nothing more nor less than the pure juice of the pine apple.

"The remedy is not mine," said a gentleman, when interviewed, "it has been used by negroes in the swamps down South for years. One of my children was down with diphtheria and was in a critical condition. An old colored man who heard of the case asked if we had tried pine apple juice. We tried it and the child got well. I have known it tried in hundreds of cases. I have told my friends about it whenever I heard of a case and never knew it to fail. You get a ripe pineapple, squeeze out the juice, and let the patient swallow it. The juice is of so corrosive a nature that it will cut out the diphtheric mucus, and if you will take the fruit before it is ripe and give the juice to a person whose throat is well it makes the mucus membrane of his throat sore.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A meteorological station is to be established at Tiberias, Palestine, which is 682 feet below the level of the Mediterranean.

Is This Your Likeness?

ONE of the subtlest forms of selfishness is that which comes from self-absorption in work. The greater the work, the more ready conscience is to palliate or even to justify altogether this selfishness. But lately the world of critics was talking over Carlyle's careless unconcern for his sensitive, sometimes sick, and often suffering wife. It does not relieve him from just condemnation that his sin was a common one; but if none but a sinless critic could throw the first stone, Carlyle would not have been much hurt.

When first married the husband is everything to the wife. Housekeeping cares are small, or none at all; there is little society; the days are long and lonely; the wife counts the hours and even the minutes for her husband's return; and everything is ready for his coming, as though he were all the world contained, as, indeed, he is to her. But this cannot continue long. Children come and divide attention, care and love. Society interposes its claims. The church demands time and thought. There are calls to return, and meetings to attend, and dresses to make, and baby to care for; and the husband has to take a second place. Now, though it is never easy for an idol to step off from his pedestal or put another one alongside himself, the husband who has a moderate share of common sense will not expect the wife and mother to give the same exclusive thought to him that the young bride gave. But it is no rare experience for the wife and mother to become so absorbed in other duties that her husband recedes steadily from the first place to the third and fourth, and finally goes out of sight altogether. She no longer watches for his coming; she is surprised when he appears, and half disappointed, too, that he is home so soon, for this bit of household work is not quite done, or that last stitch is not yet taken, and she is really more anxious to finish the seam than to see her husband. The little things that make home happy are forgotten because of the supposed larger duties due to society or the church; and the wife, by her self-absorption in a bustling life outside, does more to make her husband a pagan than to make pagans Christians, because the one she touches very nearly and the other she influences only afar off. We call this life of self-absorption a subtle form of selfishness, because social ambition makes social care a delight and social duty a pleasure; and what the good woman imagines to be a self-denial is really an enjoyment, if not a passion. We have known women who were never weary of inveighing against society who would die of *ennui* if they were taken out of it.

But this subtle form of selfishness is far oftener seen in the husband than in the wife. He gives himself up to his business, and gives only a fringe and fragment of thought to the woman he idolizes for a month, or even, with rare fidelity of masculine affection, for a twelve-month. When he comes home he leaves his mind in the counting-room and only brings his body to the supper-table. He is generally abstracted, and often positively cross. His wife has received so many rebuffs from him that, if she be sensitive, she learns to study him furtively before she ventures to address him, even in the quiet of the evening fireside; and if she be not sensitive she answers back, and each sharp battle of words separates them farther and farther away from each other. The best men are most easily subject to this unconscious form of subtle selfishness. The higher the thoughts and the larger the works, the greater the danger and the easier the self-excuse. The minister who is devoted to the interest of his church, who is full of tenderness in the pulpit, and of respectful consideration in society, appears not unfrequently at home unaccommodating, thoughtless of others, easily irritated, in a word, selfish. He may be wholly unconscious of selfishness. In one sense he is not selfish, for his thoughts are not on self, but on his sermon, his church, or his perplexed parishioners. But he puts his work first and his family second, and forgets Paul's declaration that he who fails to provide for his own family is worse than an infidel. And to provide for one's own family is to provide not merely food and clothing, but consideration and love.

Reader! we will not say as Nathan to David, "Thou art the man," but we will say interrogatively, Art thou the man? If you want to know, ask your mate—husband or wife—to read this article, and then to-night tell you whether anything of your face can be seen in this mirror.—*The Christian at Work.*

A Few Hints.

Remember there are days when the air will cause the finest powder to appear blue, and at such times it should not be used; there are other days when the skin is moist or oily, and then also should powder be left alone. These points, however, can only be decided by experience, hints and suggestions being of little use to the novice.

When the hair is worn low on the neck, it is a good idea to use a pair of tiny combs to draw it down so as to hide the ugly portion of the neck, and the hair is so amenable that in time it will grow there naturally. Some of these combs have simply a narrow gold border, others a tiny edge of Rhinestones, and others still a row of garnets and Rhine-stones set alternately. The first named are the prettiest, for, after all, gems that seem to be what they are not, are never quite refined.

Preparing for Another Possibility.—"Mamma, I'm sorry I dis'beyed you!"

"I'm glad to know it, Flossie."

"Mamma, I'm dreffful sorry."

"Yes, little dear."

"Mamma, I'm just as sorry as can be."

"That's enough of 'sorry,' dear. You needn't heap it up."

"Well, mamma, maybe some of it will do for next time I dis'bey."

THE crooked shall be made straight when caught.

THERE will always be romance in the world as long as there are young hearts in it.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY JANUARY 12, 1890.

The Song of Mary.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 1 : 46-55. Memory verses, 49, 51.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the Saviour of Men.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.*—Luke 2 : 14.

LESSON TOPIC: *The Saviour's coming Rejoiced Over.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. As an Honor to His Mother, vs. 46-49.
2. As a Mercy to the World vs. 50-52.
3. As a Help to the Needy, vs. 53-55.

GOLDEN TEXT: *My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.*—Luke 1 : 46, 47.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Luke 1 : 46-55. The song of Mary.
T.—1 Sam. 2 : 1-11. The song of Hannah.
W.—Psa. 34 : 1-10. A song of David.
T.—Psa. 40 : 1-17. A song of David.
F.—Isa. 12 : 1-6. A song of the saved.
S.—Rev. 5 : 1-14. Heaven's new song.
S.—Rev. 14 : 1-3 ; 15 : 1-4. Songs of heaven.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. AS AN HONOR TO HIS MOTHER.

I. Arousing Her Gratitude:
My soul doth magnify the Lord (46).
My heart exulteth in the Lord (1 Sam. 2 : 1).
My soul shall make her boast in the Lord (Psa. 34 : 2).
Bless the Lord, O my soul (Psa. 103 : 1).
Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel (Luke 1 : 68).

II. Awaking Her Joy:
My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour (47).
My soul shall be joyful in the Lord (Psa. 35 : 9).
I will joy in the God of my salvation (Heb. 3 : 18).
Rejoice in the Lord alway (Phil. 4 : 4).
Believing, ye rejoice greatly (1 Pet. 1 : 8).

III. Blessing her Memory:
All generations shall call me blessed (48).
In thee shall all the families....be blessed (Gen. 12: 3).
All nations shall call you happy (Mal. 3: 12).
Hail, thou that art highly favored (Luke 1: 28).
Blessed is the womb that bare thee (Luke 11: 27).

1. "My soul doth magnify the Lord." (1) The gracious Lord; (2) The grateful soul.—(1) Benifits received; (2) Grace extolled.
2. "My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." (1) A rejoicing spirit; (2) An ample incentive.—(1) A happy experience; (2) An honoring God.
3. "He that is mighty hath done to me great things." (1) The mighty God; (2) The lowly subject; (3) The abounding grace; (4) The just adoration.

II. AS A MERCY TO THE WORLD.

I. Blessing the Reverent:
His mercy is unto them that fear him (50).
Shewing mercy unto....them that love me (Exod. 20; 6).
Which keepeth....mercy with them that love him (Deut 7; 9).
The mercy of the Lord is....upon them that fear him (Psa. 103: 17).
Covenant and mercy with them that love him (Dan. 9: 4).

II. Scattering the Proud:
He hath scattered the proud (51).
He frustrateth the devices of the crafty Job 5: 12).
Every one that is proud....abase him (Job 40: 11).
Thou hath scattered thine enemies (Psa. 89: 10).
The Lord will root up the house of the proud (Prov. 15: 25).

III. Exalting the Lowly:
He....hath exalted them of low degree (52).
I exalted thee out of the dust (1 Kings 16: 2).
I have exalted one chosen out of the people (Psa. 89 : 19).
Whosoever shall humble himself shall be exalted (Matt. 23 : 12).
Humble yourselves,....that he may exalt you (1 Pet. 5 : 6).

1. "His mercy is unto generations and generations." (1) The scope of God's mercy; (2) The results of God's mercy.
2. "He hath scattered the proud." (1) God's antagonists; (2) God's resources; (3) God's triumphs.—(1) The scattered adversaries; (2) The scattering arm.—(1) Antagonists combined; (2) Antagonists scattered.
3. "He....hath exalted them of low degree." (1) The Lord concerned for the lowly; (2) The lowly exalted by the Lord.

III. AS A HELP TO THE NEEDY.

I. Feeding the Hungry:
The hungry hath he filled with good things (53).
Unto all people a feast of fat things (Isa. 25 : 6).
My servants shall eat, but ye shall be hungry (Isa. 65 : 13).
Blessed are they that hunger:....they shall be filled (Matt. 5 : 6).
They shall hunger no more (Rev. 7 : 16).

II. Helping His Servant:
He hath holpen Israel his servant (54).
Thou hast been the helper of the fatherless (Psa. 10 : 14).
The Lord helpeth them, and rescueth them (Psa. 37 : 40).
I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee (Isa. 41 : 10).
The Lord is my helper; I will not fear (Heb. 13 : 6).

III. Fulfilling His Work:
As he spake unto our fathers (55).
There fa led not aught:....all came to pass (Josh. 21 : 45).
Not one thing hath failed of all the good....God spake (Josh. 23 : 14).
My words shall not pass away (Matt. 24 : 35).
He is faithful that promised (Heb. 10 : 23).

1. "The hungry he hath filled with good things." (1) Hungering mortals; (2) Heavenly food.—(1) Human necessities; (2) Divine supplies.
2. "The rich he hath sent empty away." (1) Worldly fulness; (2) Spiritual destitution.—(1) Rich among men; (2) Poor before God.
3. "He hath holpen Israel his servant." (1) The lowly servant; (2) The Lordly helper.—(1) The servant's need; (2) The Master's aid.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

THE LORD'S MOTHER.

I. The Marys of Scripture:
The wife of Cleopas (John 19 : 25 ; Matt. 27 : 56).
Mary Magdalene (Luke 8 : 2 ; Matt. 27 : 61).
The sister of Lazarus (Luke 10 : 38-42 ; John 12 : 3).
The mother of Mark (Acts 12 : 12).
The mother of Jesus (Luke 1 : 26-28).

2. Acts of the Lord's Mother:
Treasuring facts (Luke 2 : 19, 51).
Visiting the temple (Luke 2 : 22, 41, 42).
Assisting neighbors (John 2 : 1-5).
Visiting her son (Matt. 12 : 46).
Attending at the cross (John 19 : 25-27).
Filling her Christian lot (Acts 1 : 14).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—Zacharias, having expressed doubt in regard to the prediction of the angel, becomes dumb. He returns from the sanctuary, and makes signs to the people to indicate his loss of speech. Finishing his days of ministration, he and Elisabeth depart to their home, which was at some distance from Jerusalem, possibly at Hebron. In the sixth month after their return, the angel Gabriel appears to Mary, foretelling the miraculous birth of our Lord. Perplexed, but believing, she receives the message, and shortly afterwards goes to visit her kinswoman Elisabeth. (The event narrated in Matthew 1 : 18-25 probably occurred after the return of Mary, though this is not certain.) Elisabeth's unborn babe responds to the entrance of Mary, and its mother pronounces a blessing on the mother of her Lord. The song in the lesson is the answer of Mary to this benediction.

PLACE.—At the home of Zacharias and Elisabeth, "in the hill country," in a city of Judah (v. 39). Some suppose the city was Hebron, a Levitical city in that region, as intimated above. Thomson and others accept 'Ain Karim, the traditional birthplace of the Baptist as the "city" referred to. This was a small village four miles west of Jerusalem. Juttah is also named, but this view rests on the assumption of a reading ("Juttah" for "Judah") unsupported by any manuscript authority.

TIME.—According to the chronology already indicated, the visit of Mary took place in April, year of Rome 749 (B. C. 5). This was six months after the announcement to Zacharias. Mary returned apparently before the birth of the Baptist.

PERSONS.—Mary, the poetess; Elisabeth was present, but no other person is mentioned.

INCIDENTS.—This song of Mary, called the "Magnificat," receives its name from the first word of "The Vulgate," Jerome's Latin version of the Scriptures, "Magnificat anima mea Dominum." The chapter is remarkable in having another inspired hymn besides this, the "Benedictus" of Zacharias. The "Magnificat," as a liturgical rite, was apparently introduced into the Western Church by Cæsarius of Arles, in the time of Gregory the Great, and was sung every day at vesper in Rome. It may be called the first Christian song.

Extreme Heat in All Countries.

The following figures show the extreme heat in the various countries of the world: Bengal, 150 degrees Fahrenheit; Borgu, Sahara Desert, 153 degrees; Persia, 125 degrees; Calcutta, India, 120 degrees; Central American, Republic, 129 degrees; Cape of Good Hope, South Africa, 105 degrees; Greece, 109 degrees; Arabia, 111 degrees; New York, 102 degrees; Spain, Cuba, China and Jamaica, 110 degrees; France, Denmark, Russia and the Sandwich Islands, 100 degrees; England, Ireland and Portugal, 88 degrees; Australia, 80 degrees; Scotland, 75 degrees; Sweden and Norway, 65 degrees; Iceland, 42 degrees, and Nova Zembia, 32 degrees, never above the freezing point.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Few people are clearly conscious of even the nature of their chiefest faults. Most persons, indeed, would be sure that they are free from any danger in the direction of the very faults by which they are especially distinguished in the sight of all who know them. The faults which a man confesses freely are, as a rule, not so much faults as mere peculiarities. He does not think them really blameworthy, nor does he expect others to do so. But his real faults he is blind to in himself, and keen-sighted for in others. As Julius Charles Hare says: "Do you wish to find out a person's weak points? Note the failings he has the quickest eye for in others. They may not be the very failings he is himself conscious of, but they will be their next-door neighbors. No man keeps such a jealous lookout as a rival."

Courtesy is said to cost but little, while it gives its possessor great gain. In one sense this is true, but in another sense courtesy costs the subjection of self; and that is not a little thing, by any means. The essence of courtesy is the instinctive giving to others the first place in one's thoughts and words and actions. The attainment of this grace costs a great deal; and it is worth more than it costs.

IT is better to have two beaux to one string.

TRUTH and justice are the foundations of life.

FARM NOTES.

THERE is no mistaking fowl cholera once you see it. The persistent thirst, the drowsiness, the white, viscid droppings becoming, as to the disease progresses, first yellowish and then green, and the characteristic symptom of the fowl keeping on its feet almost to the last minute—these tell the tale, and are unmistakable. The innumerable cholera cures published from time to time grow out of faulty diagnosis. There are other fatal diseases besides cholera, and more easily cured.

GRAIN FOR SHEEP.—An experienced shepherd says that perhaps more than any other animal, sheep need a little grain in winter. Especially the ewes with lamb need the supplementary ration of grain. It must be borne in mind that the ewe with lamb is doing double work at this season. She is growing a heavy fleece of wool, and at the same time sustaining the demands of the living, growing organism that she must soon bring forth. The double strain upon her system must be met and supported by extra good rations.

ANY horse worth wintering, should have some green food in winter to keep its bowels open. It is dry and concentrated food that causes fevers by constipating the bowels, making the hair rough. The good effect of oil meal consists in the fact, not that it directly makes fat, but that it enables the stomach to digest food more perfectly. Carrots have the same effect. A few given daily enable the owner of a horse to diminish the grain ration and keep the animal in better order at less expense.

THERE is danger in buying a made-up let of hogs for feeders. What we mean by made-up lot is a few bought in a place till the required number is secured. It is impossible to tell whether all the animals are healthy. Often disease lurks in sections where the scarcity of corn gives the farmers a good excuse to sell their hogs, which are really bought by feeders from sections where corn is plenty. When removed to these sections and fed corn exclusively for a few days or weeks the disease is developed in all its virulence.

WHEN planting a young tree leave very little wood. Cut back as much as possible. By so doing the roots will be better able to provide nourishment in the beginning. Many young trees die because there are not enough roots to feed the surplus wood that was allowed to remain on the young tree when it was planted.

ABOUT SELLING HONEY.—The sale of honey direct to consumers, rather than consigning it, was advised at a convention of bee-keepers in Rochester. Producers can increase demand by better quality. It is not wise to carry honey over a year. The price must be as low as that of other sweets, that it may be used by manufacturers and by the people. Trouble in marketing is caused by dealers not being familiar with bee-keeping in its various branches Great loss is occasioned in shipping by packages being broken, more often by express than freight, strange as it may seem. A box should not overrun one or two pounds, and dealers prefer that the weight be less rather than more.

How much money has been, and still is being filched from people's pockets, by "new" fruits and vegetables! Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been wasted upon new strawberries alone. Now I think the horticultural public ought to set down its foot, and declare that it will not buy a plant or send for any species or variety that can be tested in one two seasons, unless it has successfully run the gantlet of the experiment stations. Parties confident that they have produced new small fruits and vegetables of advanced merit ought to be willing to await such tests, and the intelligent public and the press should look with stern disfavor on any effort to force these novelties forward in advance of such a verdict.

VEGETABLE GARDEN.—I would urge every farmer to have a vegetable garden, and a good one, for, while a poor one is better than none at all, a good one is so much better that one ought never to be satisfied with anything else. Let him make up his mind to work it at least as well as he does other portions of his farm, and he will find, if he carries out his resolution, and keeps an account of the results, that there is no other portion of the farm which furnishes so much of the family's living, therefore none that "pays" so well. That this is the fact, everyone who has a good garden will tell you. It is also a fact that those who have the best gardens appreciate them most.

THERE is no profit in stunting a brood sow in her ration while the pigs are sucking. If possible she should be kept in good flesh. In our own experience we have found it within the possibilities to keep a sow in good flesh and have her suckle a good litter in number and quality. Some men labor under the error that a sow is not a good one unless she suckles down thin and her quality is rated by the thinness she will attain to, without "kicking the bucket."

THE product of a few hens and roosters seems small by itself, but our national wealth is likely to suffer from our habit of overlooking the small things and only utilizing the magnificent. It is easy to account for the wealth and the thrift of the French nation when it is remembered that they pay the most scrupulous attention to the little details of farming and marketing. In fact, attention to the little things constitutes a great element of success in every department of life. The immense cantilever bridge reaching out over the Frith of Forth and the grand Eiffell Tower command the admiration of the engineers of the world because of the scrupulous and scientific attention paid to details. In the largest and most lucrative mercantile business in the world it is said that the smallest details are watched more closely than the imposing things, and no branch of income is beneath the notice of the proprietor.

HOUSEHOLD.

VEGETARIANISM.—The world is fond of what it calls its "fads," but doesn't seem inclined to work up Vegetarianism into one of them. Even its disciples, the warmest of them, are tempted at times—if not, as a rule—to step beyond the strict line which is supposed to divide the animal and vegetable kingdoms. They don't ignore eggs; and the egg can hardly be classed under the head of vegetables, notwithstanding that the newspaper paragrapher generally refers to it as "hen-fruit." Indeed, it is proverbially said to be nothing if not meat; and the vegetarian, or any other man, that explores the true inwardness of its shell for the purpose of finding a head of cabbage or a Connecticut pumpkin will be disappointed.

Now, don't imagine, dear reader, that—should you chance to be a vegetarian—we are disposed to find fault with you, if occasionally, or oftener, if you like, you step over the fence and dive into more solid and tenet-forbidden pasture. We are told that all flesh is grass; but we are not told—and probably wouldn't believe it if we were—that all grass is flesh, nor any part of it; hence, we are safe in predicting that mankind—that is the civilized portion of them—will continue to live and eat as they have done ever since the time they discovered the luxury of a roast dinner. When the world was new, men were content to live like caterpillars, solely upon the plants of the earth, because they knew of nothing better; but "times have changed, and men have changed with them;" and in nothing perhaps has the change been more marked than in the character and preparation of their foods.

Vegetables are good—yes, they are among the best of the many good things with which Heaven has blessed us—and if that same kind Heaven should decide and declare that we must get along without one or the other, that it must be all meat or all vegetable, we should unhesitatingly cling to the vegetable. Thanks now to the ingenuity of man, we depend upon no season for these delicacies; the art of canning has bridged over that dilemma, and green peas are as common a sight upon our winter tables as potatoes.

In some of the large cities on the other side of the Atlantic, vegetarianism would seem to be more in favor than in this country. In London, for instance, there are restaurants and cafes, and even hotels, and boarding-houses, which profess to serve up only vegetarian meals. What the character of these meals is, we can judge from the menus which frequently appear in certain metropolitan journals whose province it is to make a note of them. One of these, the *British Baker, Confectioner, and Purveyor*, devotes a portion of its columns periodically to arranging vegetarian menus for the benefit of such places of resort or residence as need them. Here is one of these menus together with the manner of preparing the principal dishes served:

Store proprietor (to possible customer looking at the window): "Coom in, coom in, und I show you doss dings mineself." Possible customer (shyly): "I don't know anything about going in. I generally deal in stores that have their prices plainly marked." Store proprietor: "Dot vas all right mine friendt; bud it nod do vor us to mark our prices on dose dings. Our prices is so low dot beoples vould dink day vas second-hand."

A Cure for Catarrh

in the head, as well as of all bronchial, throat and lung diseases, if taken in time, is effected by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, or money paid for it will be promptly returned,

A more pleasant physic
You never will find
Than Pierce's small "Pellets,"
The Purgative kind.

White Cake.—One cupful of sugar, three eggs, half cupful of butter, one cupful of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; flour to form a batter.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists

Muffins.—Take bread sponge and thin out with warm water; use three eggs to a quart of batter; set to rise, put into muffin-rings and bake.

If you have catarrh, you are in danger, as the disease is liable to become chronic and affect your general health, or develop into consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by purifying and enriching the blood, and building up the system. Give it a trial.

If the straw was returned to wheat land it would not become exhausted so soon.

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One greasing with Frazer Axle Grease will last two weeks, all others two to three days. Try it. It received first premium at the Centennial and Paris Exposition.

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See that the tops of the haystacks are all right. Half a days work on them now may save tons of hay for next spring.

Is it *economy* to save a few cents buying a cheap soap or strong washing powder, and *lose dollars* in ruined rotted clothes? If not, use Dobbins' Electric Soap, white as snow, and as *pure*. Ask your grocer for it.

If you have winter grain on a side hill from which the snow is likely to blow off a thin covering of straw will not do harm. Try "winter protection" for wheat to see if it won't pay.

A Chicago druggist retailed over 100,000 "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigars in four months.

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A Relic.

The following bit of literature, written to relieve camp life, has just come to life. It is called "chronicles of the Kansas 1st."

1. Man that is born of woman, and enlisteth as a soldier in the Kansas 1st, is of few days and short of rations.

2. He cometh forth at reveille, and is present also at retreat; yea, even at tattoo, and retireth, apparently, at taps.

3. He draweth his ration from the commissary, and devoureth the same. He striketh his teeth against much hard bread, and is satisfied. He filleth his canteen with aquapura and clappeth the mouth thereof upon the bung of a whiskey barrel and after a little while he goeth away rejoicing at his strategy.

4. Much soldiering hath made him sharp, yea, even the legs of his pants are in danger of being cut through.

5. He covenanteth with the credulous farmer for many chickens and much honey and milk, to be paid in ten days; and lo his regiment moveth on the ninth day, and is seen in those diggings no more forever.

6. His tent is filled with potatoes, cabbages, turnips, crout and other delicate morsels which abound not in the commissary department.

7. And many other things not in the return, and which never will return, yet for truth it must be said of a soldier of the Kansas 1st, that of a surety he taketh nothing that he cannot reach.

8. He fireth his Minie rifle at midnight, and the whole camp is aroused and formed into line, when lo! his mess comes bearing in a nice forker, which he declares so resembled a Secesh that a wise precaution led him to pull the trigger.

9. He giveth the provost marshal no small trouble, often capturing his guard and possessing himself of the city.

10. At such times lager and pretzels flow like milk and honey from his generous hand; he giveth without stint to his comrades, yes, and withholdeth not from the bank, expectant Hoosier of the Indiany 24th.

11. The grunt of a pig, or the crowing of a cock awaketh him from the soundest sleep, and he sauntereth forth until halted by the guard, when he instantly clappeth his hands upon his bread-basket, and the guard looketh with pity and alloweth him to pass to the rear.

12. No sooner hath he passed the sentries beat, than he striketh a beeline for the nearest hen-roost, and seizing a pair of plump pullets, returneth soliloquizing to himself. "The noise of a goose saved Rome, how much more the flesh of a chicken preserveth the soldier."

13. He playeth euchre, with the parson, and by dexterously turning a jack, astonisheth him.

14. And many other marvelous things doeth he, and lo! are they not already written in the morning reports of Company G.

An Over Zealous Student.—Mrs. De Gramo: "I understand that your son is quite sick at college, Mrs. Smythe?" Mrs. Smythe: "Yes. Poor John! The President writes me that he entered into his work with too much ardor, and he has broken down." Mrs. De Gromo: 'What seems to be the nature of his trouble?" Mrs. Smythe: 'He was hit on the head by a foul ball, I believe they call it."

Young Housekeeper (to butcher): "What is the price of mutton?" Butcher: "Fourteen cents, mum." Y. H: 'And lamb?" Butcher: Eighteen cents mum." Y. H. (surprised): "Is it possible? Why a lamb isn't more than half the size of a—er—mutton?"

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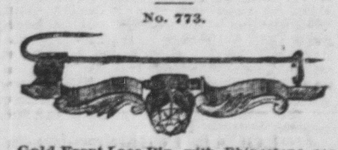

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Storms, snows, drenching rains, and furious winds are a part of the regular routine of life. Two-thirds of the sickness through life is caused by colds; you cannot be too well protected in stormy weather to avoid them. A man having a "Fish Brand Slicker" may be exposed to a storm for twenty-four hours at a stretch, and still be protected from every drop of rain, besides being shielded from the biting winds. No matter what your occupation, if you are liable to be caught in a rain or snow storm, you should have on hand a "Fish Brand Slicker." It will surely save your health, and perhaps your life. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with the "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.

A. J. TOWER, - Boston, Mass.

STRONGEST Intne World, brated No. 19 **VIOLIN** STRINGS HOWE'S Celebrated STRING **7 For $1.00**

Full set 4 Strings 35c. Best Italian Strings, 20c each. 1,225 Old Violins and 600 varieties Violins, Cellos and Bass, 75c to $3,500. Violin Cases, Bows, Necks, Tops, Backs, Varnish and all fittings. Music Books for all instruments. Best assortment, lowest prices in America. Send for catalogue.
ELIAS HOWE, 19 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

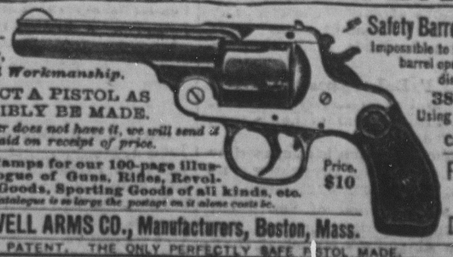
SWIFT DOUBLE-ACTION AUTOMATIC REVOLVER.

DON'T BUY UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THE SWIFT. ASK ANY DEALER.

UNEQUALLED For Symmetry, Beauty, Material and Workmanship.

AS PERFECT A PISTOL AS CAN POSSIBLY BE MADE.

If your dealer does not have it, we will send it postpaid on receipt of price.



Safety Barrel Catch. Impossible to throw the barrel open when discharged.

38 Cal. Using S. & W. C. F. Cartridges

For Sale by all Dealers.

Send 6c. in stamps for our 100-page illustrated Catalogue of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Police Goods, Sporting Goods of all kinds, etc. This Catalogue is so large the postage on it alone costs 6c.

Price, $10

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., Manufacturers, Boston, Mass.

NEW PATENT. THE ONLY PERFECTLY SAFE PISTOL MADE.

25 CTS **PISO'S CURE FOR** 25 CTS

Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

CONSUMPTION

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, JAN. 9.

3,000

BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS

o—— AT THE ——o

"THE RACKET."

No. 4 Crider's Exchange, Bellefonte.

All the new things received soon as out. Patterns sent by mail postpaid, at New York price. Add 10c. for postage on Metropolitan Catalogue and 2c on Delineator.

G. R. SPIGELMEYER.

LOCAL ITEMS.

SPECIALIST.—Dr. Clemens, who has met with great success in these parts by treating all chronic diseases by inhalation, will be at the Brockerhoff House, Bellefonte, Jan. 29th. The sick would do well to see him. Send to his Sanitarium for testimonials at Allentown, Pa. Consultation free.

——Henry Stoner, of Tusseyville, gave our offiice a call.

——David Burd contemplates moving on Mr. Walker's farm in Brush Valley next spring.

——Solomon Roming the oldest citizen of Cedar Springs, died on Monday. Aged 82 years.

——The John Russel property at Aaronsburg, house and lot, was sold to Edward Mingle, for $400.

——Miss Lucy Burnside, of Bellefonte an aged sister of the elder Judge Burnside, died on Thursday last.

——Prof. R. M. Wilson, principal of the Philipsburg high school, will be a candidate for county supt.

——The fever at Lock Haven is gradually growing less, and the people there are rejoicing in consequence.

——Mrs. Della Brumgard and Miss Annie Mills, of Lock Haven, were visiting relatives here and other parts of the valley.

——Dan. Smith has returned from his lumber job in Virginia—he tells us weather is similar to what we have here and roads bad.

——William Brown, of Lock Haven, has been discharged from custody in connection with any complicity in the Lovett murder case.

——The REPORTER had a 450 porker, dressed. If you don't believe it, ax George Floray or Jake Lee—we wouldn't lie about it so soon in the new year.

——Isaac Frain was on the program as one of the speakers at the Farmers' Institute at Howard. He is an intelligent gentleman, practical and experienced as a farmer.

——The old year went out bright and smiling as a bride. The first day of the new year came in with its eyes full of water and it did a little weeping in the afternoon.

——Well, if we are not to have much sunshine it is a satisfaction to know that there will be lots of music in the valley to make up for it—the conventions are now in progress.

——Farmers in this valley, as well as in all parts of the state, have done considerable plowing thus far, this winter. The ground was in admirable order for it nearly all the time, and only a few days of frozen soil.

——Aaron Lukenbach writes us from Boone county. Nebraska, December 25. We have nice weather out here. Yesterday I plowed. Today is cloudy, but not cold; we had three little snows this fall, but none lay but a few days.

——The Glen Iron Furnace, near Laurelton, Union county, which has been idle for about five years, will resume operations shortly. The company now has fifty wood-choppers at work and want a hundred more as soon as possible.

——Rev. J. F. DeLong has handed his resignation to the consistory as pastor of the Reformed Church of Lewisburg. Mr. DeLong has been suffering with bronchial affection which is increased by the use of his voice in preaching, and he finds rest for a season necessary.

——Mrs. N. L. Atwood, of Smithport, Indiana county, this state, died on Tuesday of last week and was buried at Howard, this county, Thursday. The deceased lady was a half sister of Governor William F. Packer and also of Mrs. Nathan J. Mitchell.

——Another worthy citizen has been called away. Father Slabig, tenant on J. C Boal's farm, near this place, died on last Sabbath morning, after an illness of nearly a year. He suffered from an affection of the kidneys. Mr. Slabig was a much respected citizen as he was an upright man, and lived a truly Christian life. He was a consistent member of the Lutheran church. He formerly lived in Millin county.

An Old Iron Firm in Trouble.

Last Tuesday morning judgments to the amount of $80,118.02 were entered in the Prothonatary's of the Curtin Iron works at Roland, this county. Executions were issued and put in the hands of the sheriff. It is greatly to be regretted that this misfortune has overtaken one of our oldest and best known industrial firms. The members of the firm have the sympathy of all right thinking people in this community.

We further learn that an assignment has been made to ex Governor A. G, and Constans Curtin, uncles of the young men who compose the firm and that the liabilities amount to $200,000,—*Watchman.*

The reported complete failure of Curtin & Co. is not so bad as reported and will not result in the shutting down of those valuable works but only a few days suspension which time they take to arrange their somewhat embarrassed financial standing. The liabilities are not near so large as stated in the *Daily News* on Thursday, namely $200,000, but instead, are only $80,551.75. The announcement that there had been an assignment made was also premature as it was only judgment confessed in favor of several parties to the amounts as they were entered and appeared against them and which are as follows:

In favor of		$ 840.00
"	"	494.75
"	"	866.25
"	J. P. Harris, trustee,	14.479.90
"	J. M. Dale,	20,600.00
"	J. M. Dale,	42,838.12
"	"	533.70
Making a total of		$80,551.72

The above is a correct statement of all he liabilities of the firm and the assets will undoubtedly be sufficiently large to cover more than that amount. The works will remain idle but a few days when everything will be satisfactorily arranged and they will resume operations as strong as ever.

A Pennsylvania Antiquity.

Just across the line between Centre and Clearfield counties, and located in the former is probably the most remarkable prehistoric fortification in the United States. It is seven or eight miles eastward from Houtzdale, and is located near the headwaters of the Moshannon, and burrows into the mountain side. A growth of timber indicates its antiquity. It is a semi-circular wall, possibly 800 feet in diameter, about eight feet high and built of stone, evidently transported from a ledge fifteen miles distant. The outer surface is covered with a curious cement of a composition unknown to local chemists. The masonry is of a most artistic order, and indicates an architecture belonging to some race and period wholly unknown to the present generation. Commencing near the ruined wall and running southward is a series of stone pillars, evidently used as altars in some forgotten age. They number some six or eight in all, and despite the work of vandals, are yet distinctly marked, some of them being from six to eight feet high. They are small stone pyramids, facing every possible approach to the ruins, and were evidently intended as defensive ramparts, behind which the builders might find shelter and protection.

Cleary Must Hang.

The motion for a new trial in the case of Charles Cleary convicted of the murder of policeman Paul, in Renovo, had been denied by the Court and has been sentenced to hang, The Court ordered the prisoner to stand up.

After some kindly remarks to the young man, the Court then proceeded to pass sentence upon him in the following words:

"Charles Cleary, the sentence of the Court is that you be taken to the jail from whence you came, and on the day appointed by the governor, you be hanged by the neck until you are dead. May God have mercy on your soul."

Cleary received the sentence calmly showing no emotion, whatever. His face flushed, perhaps a little more than usual, but that was all. He walked out of the court room with the Sheriff as composedly and independently as ever. Poor boy! he has yet to fully realize what is before him.

A Railroad Change.

A special meeting of the stockholder of the Bell's Gap and Jefferson railroad was held yesterday morning in Philadelphia.

It was decided to consolidate the two roads under the name of the Pennsylvania and Northwestern railroad company, the consolidation to take effect January 1, 1890. The capital stock of the new company will be $1,600,000 and the bonded indebtedness $1,000,000. This is a slight increase in both the capital stock and bonded debt of the company. We are informed from a reliable source, that the terminus of the Bell's Gap road will be changed from Bellwood to Tyrone. This will be on inportant move for Tyrone

Hymenial.

All Centre Hall was on tip-toe for the last week, caused by the announcement that Mr. Samuel Snyder and Miss Mary Floray, one the handsome young ladies of this town, were to be wedded on Tuesday evening, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Floray. The wedding passed off very pleasantly, and the presents were many and elegant. Rev. King, of the Clintondale Evangelical church, performed the ceremony, after which all partook of a splendid spread. The band then stole along and discoursed several fine pieces. The REPORTER office was the recipient of some delicious wedding cake, and all hands join in congratulating the happy couple.

Luck for Capt. Hunter.

Our old and esteemed friend, Capt. John A. Hunter, of Halfmoon, some ten years ago, invested in lands, in Clearfield county, something like $12,000 for 200 acres, which, up to quite recently was not a bonanza at all. Now, however, a six foot vein of No. 1 coal has been opened on it, and the captain is sure of quite a good thing, we are pleased to know. The mine is within 500 feet of the Tyrone & Clearfield railroad which is an important convenience.

Parties are now negotiating with Capt. Hunter for mining the coal upon a royalty.

——Now is the time to leave your order for a suit and overcoat. Prices to suit the times. Perfect satisfaction in everything fully guaranteed.

MONTGOMERY & Co.,
Tailors, Bellefonte.

Local Briefs

——Ask at your store for Calla Lily flour—it is No. 1.

——Johnny Neff thinks of moving to Jefferson county.

——Milton Osman returned to Dickinson college Tuesday.

——H. D. Van Pelt has gone on a visit to New York state.

——Michael Willow is not in best of health and keeps indoors.

——Sheriff Leahy, of Clinton county, died Monday of last week.

——Judge Mayer has the sneeze—other folks, not judges, have it too.

——New lot of robes and 5-A horse blankets very cheap at Boozer's.

——Chris Murray left Wednesday last to return to college at Lancaster.

——Ask your storekeeper for Calla Lily flour, and get a No. 1 article.

——'Squire Rishel, of Farmers Mills, was in town Monday. and dropped in.

——Mr. H. P. Sankey, of Potters Mills, paid our sanctum a visit on Monday.

——It is said Henry Swab, of Harris. will move to Centre Hall next spring.

——Woodland and all kinds of soft and hard coal at the Centre Hall mills.

——The water excitement runs high in Rebersburg, although the flood is low,

——Who can boast of having had the first sleigh ride? Don't all speak at once.

——H. G. Royer, of Miles township, has been appointed mercantile appraiser.

——Dan. Poorman and wife returned to York, after a several weeks' visit to his mother.

——Mr. Benjamin Stover, one of Farmers Mills' substantial citizens, gave us a call.

——A traveling man, named Spangler, of Harrisburg, is down at Meyer's hotel, with a severe grip on the grip.

——The grip is spreading in this section in the last few days. We are constantly hearing of new cases.

——B. M. Greninger will sell at public sale on Saturday, Feb. 1, 3½ miles east of Coburn, 3 acres of land with buildings.

——Several new sewing machines Davis and New Home make, will sell at cost to close them out. G. W. BUSHMAN.

——Three girls wanted as waiters in a dining room—wages $2 per week. For further information call at this office.

——Miss Grace Smith returned to her home in Williamsport last Saturday, after a several weeks' visit in this place.

——Simon Loeb's new clothing store, opposite the Conrad house, is the place for bargains in men and boys' suits.

——The weather is still the same, wet and damp, with bad roads. The sun does not seem to stand much chance on a shine anymore.

— Jacob Bower, an old citizen of Haines, living one mile south of Aaronsburg, died on 27th, aged 76 years, 8 months and 1 day.

——Lewins can sell you a late style suit or take your measure and make it to order on short notice, and at a saving to you of from $3 to $8. Try him on this.

——Now is your time to get a cheap overcoat, and Lewins has 'em cheap, good, warm, lasting goods. Give the Philad. Branch a call and see for yourself and save $5 to boot.

——Mr. Orrie Houtz and wife, of Johnstown, are visiting his sister, Mrs. Arb Katherman, on Church street. The band serenaded the couple on Tuesday evening, being newly married.

——The elegant new shoe store, of Mr Gillam, in the Crider Block, Bellefonte. should be visited to see his stock and variety of boots and shoes for all ages and sexes.

——If you wish to have a good over coat, $4 to $8 less than can be bought elsewhere, then go to Samuel Lewins he has them and warrants them. He sell nothing that has cheat about it.

——La Grippe, the new disease, as we are informed by Drs. Jacobs and Emerick, has taken hold of quite a number of persons in this section. We hear the same from other parts of the valley.

——Lewins is putting out new suits like hot cakes. Everybody wants them because they are so cheap and well made out of the best goods. He takes your measure and will make a suit to order if desired.

— Mr. M. A. Burrell, of the Clement House, Sunbury, has become mine host of the Cameron House, Lewisburg, which he has refitted throughout. A better landlord than Mr. B. It is not necessary to have.

——Send your name in for the REPORTER at campaign rates on trial. Or send, us two new names and the cash for a year and we give you a copy one year free, thus enabling any one, by very little effort to get a paper one year free.

— In spite of all competition Lewin continues to take the lead in ready made clothing, low prices as well as quality of goods. He gets ahead of all, sells more than all, pleases all, and fits and suits all.

——Messrs. Samuel Ertel and J. W. Goble, two of Georges valley's reliables, were in town Monday and did not forget to call. They were delivering three fat steers which they sold, and one of which was a monster, weighing near 1,500 pounds.

——Whatt he Philad. Branch does not have in the line of ready-made clothing is not worthhaving. The spring stock now on the counters is immense and goes ahead of anything you ever saw Lewins is King for low prices.

——Have you got the sneeze? Subscribe for the REPORTER, and you are safe. Times being a little dull we will recognize almost anything as pay. Home raised bananas, half dozen elephants, gold dust, or Penns Valley railroad stock. Now bring on your stuff and subscribe.

——Lewins now has his counters stocked with the best lot of ready-made clothing yet brought to Centre county and at the most astonishing low prices. Lewins always leads—he never follows. You never heard a customer complain of any article of clothing purchased of honest Sam Lewins.

——Of the many hunting parties out this season after deer, the most successful as far as we can learn, was the G. V. company of Georges Valley. They were out the latter part of the season for five days, and were successful in killing three deer and wounding a fourth one, which they failed to capture. The company is composed of ten men of that neighborhood, who every year take their usual hunt, and are always successful in securing the hot-footed.

Sheriff Sales.

The following properties will be up at Sheriff's sale, Saturday, 25th:

Real estate of H. S. Sayer, in Rush township.

Lots, houses, and saw mill, in Gregg township, property of Daniel Bartges and David Krape.

Lot of D. R. Kreamer, in Boalsburg.

Real estate of F. P. and Blair Stevens in Halfmoon township.

Real estate of Barbara Bitner in Potter township.

House and lot of Bridget M'Gill in Bellefonte.

Real estate of J. W. Meyers in Huston township.

Lots of Chas. M'Cafferty in Bellefonte.

Tract of land of Martha Richards in Worth township.

Interesting Dots.

—D. H. Harter and wife, of Ohio, spent several weeks visiting friends in this valley.

—George Weaver, of Rebersburg, spent a night in town recently.

—Miss Beulah Strohm, of Centre Hill, had a severe hemorrhage on Friday last, from some unknown cause, as she is a perfectly healthy young lady of 17.

—Pap Willow being slightly ill, uncle John Neff has carried Uncle Sam's mail pouch the past three weeks.

—Hopkins is to hang Feb. 20.

—Mrs. Wm. Lohr is still confined to her home from a lingering illness.

—Hopkins has told the prisoner Andrews he thought he should make confession of having murdered Clara Price.

Announcements.

Services in the several Reformed churches of the Centre Hall charge will be held as follows: Centre Hall, Jan. 12, at 2.30 p. m; Emanuels, Tusseyville, at 10 a. m. Spring Mills, Jan. 19, at 10.30 a. m.; St. John's, Union, at 2 p. m. The Lord's Supper will be administered at Centre Hall, Jan. 26; St. John's, Feb 2; Emanuel's, Feb. 9, and Spring Mills, Feb. 16.

S. H. EISENBERG,
Pastor.

An Old Nurse's Thirty Years Experience.

An old nurse of 30 years experience says that she has never used a wine that has had such a pleasing effect on her patients as that made by Mr. Alfred Speer, of Passaic, N. J. It is a pure article and people have confidence in it. Ask any noted physician. For sale by druggists.

Facts for all.

In spite of all competition the Philad. Branch clothing store, remains headquarters for actual bargains in ready made clothing, for men and boys. Lewins introduced cheap clothing in Centre county, and has kept it at that all the time; he kept honest goods, no trash, and, as a rule, always sold from 25 to 30 per cent below any other clothing store in this part of the state.

Large Hog.

Mr. Samuel Harter, of Georges Valley, killed a hog which weighed, dressed, 700½ pounds. Its length was 8 feet 6 inches. This beats Mike Burkholder's 635 pound hog 65 pounds and Mike will proudly transfer the belt he held to Mr. Harter, whose porker is the heaviest killed this season.

Five Hangings.

Governor Beaver signed the death warrants of five murderers on Thursday all of whom will be hanged on February 20th, 1890.

Among these is Hopkins, of our county.

Hotel Sold.

The Centre Hall hotel stand, owned by D. J. Meyer, has been sold to D. L. Bartges, of Madisonburg. We understand the new landlord will take possession in about two weeks.

——Any on desiring a Brown wagon for two horses, made in Cleveland, a standard, and the best in the U. S, warranted, magnificent finish, inquire at the mill; price $70, the highest class. Same wagon with tubular axle, $73.

——The new Reformed pastor of the Centre Hall charge, Rev. Isenberg, arrived here two weeks ago with his family and now occupies the parsonage. He seems to be a gentleman of ability and the people of the charge will, no doubt, be pleased with him.

——Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block has every idea in the line of boots and shoes, whether of rubber, leather or cloth, and he sells at bottom prices, so that none pay more than the goods are worth. He warrants all he sells.

——Charles Condo, of Indiana, gave our sanctum a call. Charles is a son of Joseph Condo, dec'd., of Aaronsburg, and left the valley 17 years ago, this being his first visit back. He says he is prospering out there, raising berries, and that the weather is same as we are having here.

Married.

ROCKEY—MOYER.—At the home of James Wert, near Boalsburg, on Dec. 24, 1889, by Rev. A. A. Black, William F. Rockey and Jennie Moyer, both of Tusseyville.

SNYDER—KELLER.—At the home of the bride's in Potter township, January 2, by Rev. G. P. Sarvis, David E. Snyder and Blanche L. Keller, both of Centre co.

BODLE—KOCH.—At the bride's home in Benner township, Dec. 12th, by Rev. G. P. Sarvis, J. W. Bodle and Julia Koch.

LYON—STRUBLE.—At the home of the bride in Spring township, Dec. 26, by Rev. G. P. Sarvis, William B. Lyon to Minnie B. Struble.

ROSS—TRESSLER.—At the M. E. parsonage, Pleasant Gap, Dec 26, by Rev. G. P. Sarvis, William Ross to Sally Tressler, all of Centre county.

EMERICK—KRYDER.—On the 25th of December by Rev D. O. Shoemaker, Geo. Lyman Emerick of Walker township, and Miss H Etta B. Kryder, of Porter township, Clinton county.

WHITAKER—FULTON.—Or the 25th ult., at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. Sarvis, George Whitaker and Miss Sarah Fulton, both of Bellefonte.

HARTER—ORWIG.—In Middleburg, by Rev. S. P. Orwig, Harry H. Harter, of Hartleton, and Miss Lillie Orwig, of Middleburg, Snyder county.

Died.

SLABIG.—Near Centre Hall, on Sunday, January 5, Mr. Jacob Slabig, aged 68 years, 4 months and 24 days.

RUNKLE.—Near Tusseyville, on Dec. 22, Mr. Jacob K. Runkle, aged 72 years, 6 months and 6 days. The funeral was attended by a large concourse of relatives and friends, and the service was conducted by Rev. A. A. Black, of Boalsburg.

List of Jurors.

The following is the list of jurors for the January term of court, begining on the fourth Monday.

GRAND JURORS.

S Gray Kephart, Patton.
James Stover, Miles.
John Carper, Potter.
John Claar, Rush.
H K Mattern, Huston.
Wm Hutton, Rush.
J C Rossman, Gregg.
R B Loder, Marion.
Charles Garner, Bellefonte.
D H Bartley Potter.
Joseph Smith, Snow Shoe.
Jerre Farber, Philipsburg.
Frank Turbridy, Snow Shoe.
John R Lee, Potter.
Wm. Ayres, Philipsburg.
Geo Stover, Miles.
Sam'l B Wilson, Ferguson.
James Cooney, Penn.
G W Hosterman, Centre Hall.
I S Frain, Marion.
Isaac Midlam, Burnside.
Michael Oniel, Rush.
Wm P Brown, Snow Shoe.
Edward Zellers, College.

TRAVERSE JURORS.

Michael Shank, Snow Shoe.
Isaac Underwood, Gregg.
Calvin Meyer, Harris.
John Bront, Penn
E O Mattern, Philipsburg.
Robert Cooper, Snow Shoe.
P W Barnhart, Boggs.
Adam Decker, Walker.
John Harshbarger, Penn.
Miles Taylor, Huston.
Wm Calderwood, Taylor.
G W Hoover, Philipsburg.
Henry Meeker, Burnside.
Wm Peters, Milesburg.
Edward Peck, Walker.
Reuben Colyer, Potter.
Reuben Lucas, Howard.
Charles Neff, Boggs.
Wm M Adams, Milesburg.
Geo Martz, College.
John G Baily, Ferguson.
Henry Hale, Huston.
Samuel Keisner, Snow Shoe.
David Beightel Liberty.
Wm Meyers, Miles.
Wm Lytle, Half Moon.
Joe W Flora, Spring.
John Beck, Philipsburg.
Edwin Stump, Potter.
Harry R Curtin, Boggs.
Robert Downing, Half Moon.
Emanuel Musser, College.
Wm W Spangler, Potter.
G H Lyman, Boggs.
A S Comer, Milesburg.
G D Armbruster, Gregg.
W H Knoll, Jr., Spring.
Isaac Armstrong, College.
J D Ritter, Philipsburg.
Absolem Musser, Haines.
Cyrus Durst, Harris.
Herman K Miller, Spring.
Jacob Frantz, Worth.
Wm Yarnell, Boggs.
W A Alexander, Union.
A J Stover, Haines.
Ed Woods, Bellefonte.
Wm Resides, Union.
John Harper, Philipsburg.
Peter Robb, Jr., Curtin.
R McKnight, Bellefonte.
G B Stover, Haines.
Wm. Dawson, Bellefonte.
Geo Flick, Huston.
W H Wigton, Philipsburg.
G W Cummings, Philipsburg.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST MONDAY OF FEBRUARY

J B Crawford, Walker.
Wm Leatners, Haines.
Wm Eby, Harris.
John F Kreps Ferguson.
John Dorman, Walker.
Jos Pheasant, Howard.
Wm Robb, Curtin.
Harvey Miller, Miles.
D M Whiteman, Miles.
Samuel Row, Centre Hall.
John D Gill, Rush.
John F Breon, Gregg.
J B Childs, Philipsburg.
T E Griest, Unionville.
Britton Hall, Union.
M J Decker, Potter.
E R Holmes. Ferguson.
C H Bates, Burnside.
Joseph Hoy Sr., Ferguson.
Christ Cook, Burnside
Thomas Benner, Bellefonte.
Reuben Brumgard, Miles.
John M Fury, Spring.
W H Sanford, Philipsburg.
Elwood Fisher, Union.
E W Mauck, Millheim.
Jasper Brooks, Spring.
John E Forsman, Liberty.
D F Raymond, Haines.
Edward Smith, Boggs.
Wm Goodhart, Gregg.
U S Fleisher, Potter.
Harrison Ross, Philipsburg.
Samuel Wilkinson, Rush.
W H Dorland, Philipsburg.

Tax Paid.

There is probably few who realize the enormous amount of money annually paid into the U. S. Treasury on both Imported and Domestic liquors. Are you aware that Max Klein, of Allegheny, Pa., is a large contributor to that fund? Are you posted as to who does one of the largest business in the liquor line? If not, let us tell you that Max Klein leads them all—and why? Because he has long since succeeded in convincing the people that he furnishes value for value. He sells six year old Guckenheimer, Finch, Overholt and Gibson at $1.00 per quart or six quarts for $5.00. His Silver Age that defies competition at $1.50 each quart bottle. Wines at 50 cents per quart and upward. He ships in neatly packed boxes. Send for his price list and complete catalogue and do not hesitate to send your order to Max Klein, 82 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—PURSUANT TO an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, there will be exposed at Public Sale, on the premises of John Peters dec'd situated ½ mile north of Potters Mills, in Potter township, Centre county on

o——o SATURDAY JAN. 11th 1890 o——o

at 2 o'clock the following

o——o REAL ESTATE o——o

of John Peters, dec'd, two tracts bounded and described as follows: The one thereof bounded on the North by lands of Jonathan Royer and Michael Stiver, on the East by lands of Michael Stiver and turnpike, on the South by lands of heirs of Wm. Allison dec'd., on the west by lands of same. Thereon erected one

o——o TWO STORY DWELLING HOUSE o——o

Good summer house, wood shed, good corncrib, pig pen, smoke house, and other necessary outbuildings. Plenty of good water and choice fruit, containing 6 ACRES and 104 PERCHES.

The other tract thereof situated about ½ mile South of Centre Hill, and bounded on the North and East by lands of Jerry Schreffler George Silver and others, on the South and West by turnpike and lands of Wm. Kerr, containing about 1 and ¾ ACRES. There are a number of Good White Pine trees, on said tract and is well located to make a good home.

TERMS OF SALE.—⅓ cash on confirmation of sale, and the balance in one year thereafter. Deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

M. L. RISHEL,
Administrator.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—PURSUANT TO an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre County, there will be exposed at public sale on the premises, now occupied by Hoffer and Dale, in Centre Hill on

o——o SATURDAY, JAN. 18th, 1890 o——o

at 2 o'clock, the following

o——o REAL ESTATE o——o

of Emanuel Smith, dec'd., bounded and described as follows: On the north by Jacob Richard, on the west by an alley, on the south by Wm. Smith, and on the east by Turnpike, containing 40 PERCHES. Thereon erected a fine

o——o TWO STORY DWELLING HOUSE o——o

Good summer house, wood shed, and cistern, all under roof, also a good large stable, room for four cows and two horses, wagon shed attached, good pig pen, chicken house, and all necessary outbuildings.

TERMS OF SALE.—One third on confirmation of sale. One third in one year, and the balance in two years, all with interest from date of confirmation of sale. The deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

ISAAC SMITH,
Administrator of Deceased.

WANTED.

SALESMEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. Liberal Pay Weekly. Will pay salary, but can give something better to workers. No experience needed. Write Fred E Young, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y A PRESENT. If you become my agent and sell $100, will give $2 for copy of this ad. Cut it out. 19dec3m

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—In all the World there is but One Cure, Dr, Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and today think they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O. oct3ly

FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF CENTRE CO., Pa.—The annual meeting of the members and the election of 12 Directors to manage the affairs of the company for the ensuing year, will be held at the house of D. J Meyer, at Centre Hall, on Monday, January, 13, 1890, between the hours of 10 a. m and 3 p. m, of said day. Members are generally requested to attend.

FRED KURTZ,
President.

D. F. Luse, Sec'y.
Centre Hall, Pa., Dec. 26, 1889.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE undersigned has applied for a warrant for vacant land, situated in Potter Twp. Centre county, bounded on the east by land of Evans & Breon, south by Danie Fleisher, west by John Moyer, and north by S. G. Slack, containing fifty acres more or less.

S. G. SLACK,
9jan3t Potters Mills.

Either of the following engravings, "Evangeline," "Bayard," "Monarch of the Glen" or "The First Step," without advertising on them, size 20 x 24 inches, given with one 50 cent or two 25 cent bottles of Ideal Tooth Powder. These are not cheap lithographs, but works of art. A. D. Bowman, Dentist, Nicholia, Idaho, says, I am using your Ideal Tooth Powder, and find it superior to all others.

The engraving "Evangeline" arrived safely on the 24th of December, making it seem like a Christmas gift. Trusting that Ideal Tooth Powder may flourish, I remain, yours respectfully, Elois Earnest, Denver, Col. One of these engravings without advertising on it worth $1 retail is given with each two 25 cent bottles of Ideal Tooth Powder.

Bargains! :-: New Goods!

We are now prepared to have the public call at our store and inspect our new line of goods. They were selected with the greatest care and embrace an endless variety of new designs and patterns worn during the Fall and Winter seasons.

Our line of Fancy Plads, Tricots, Fall Prints, and All-Wool Suiting, are fine, and will please our early customers, and are selling rapidly. Woolen Blankets, Haps, Quilts, and many other goods.

SPECIAL BARGAINS !----O----SPECIAL BARGAINS

Come and see the special bargains we are offering in Cashmeres; prices lower than ever. Our stock of Ready-Made Clothing, Overcoats, Gossamers, Gum Coats, is complete and will speak for themselves. Comeand see the new goods at

Harper & Kreamer's.

Great Reduction in Furniture!

8-Pieced Ash Chamber Suits, at $24. Solid Oak Suits, 8 pieces, $27. Solid Walnut, 3 pieces, $35, Solid Cherry, 8 pieces, $38. Parlor Suits all prices. Chairs and Bedsteads, all prices. Bureaus, Washstands, Hall Racks, Side Boards, Ward Robes, a large line, which I am selling very low. Lounges, and Couches, Extension and other tables.

Call and see my stock and learn my prices and be convinced that for the same quality of goods I cannot be undersold.

UNDERTAKING.

In all its branches. Having years of experience, and all the latest and most improved methods of caring for the dead and being a practical embalmer will guarantee satisfaction.

J. W. McCormick.